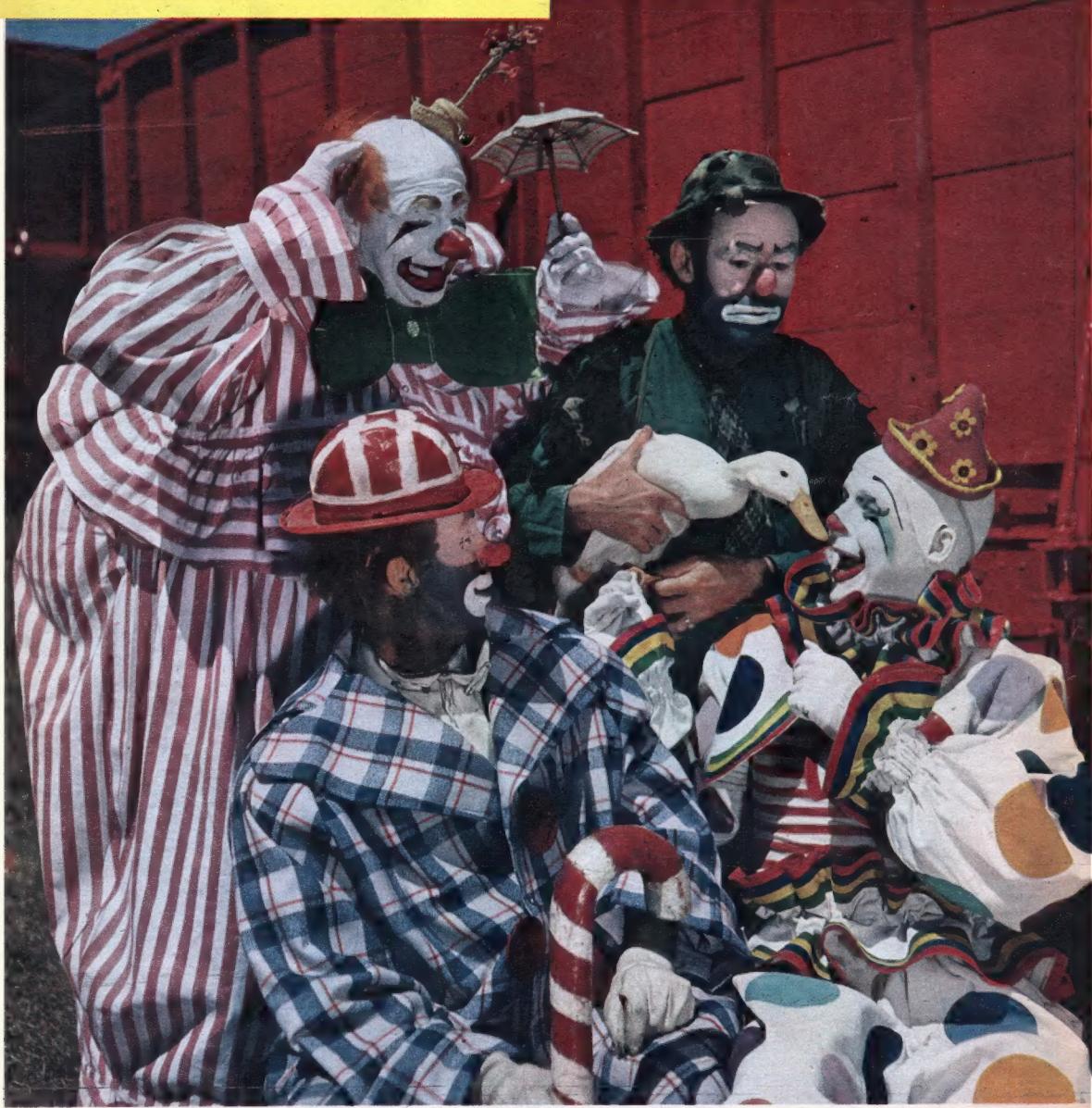


This Week

MAGAZINE

Democratic  Chronicle

MAGAZINE SECTION • APRIL 12 1953



CIRCUS CLOWNS: THEY BELONG TO THE GREATEST CLUB ON EARTH. SEE PAGE 12

THEY'LL NEVER LOVE THE U.S.A.!

A World Report by Marguerite Higgins . . . Page 7



AUTHOR: "How many new beginnings a lifetime can contain, and with each comes a renewal of youth . . ."

HOW TO BE HAPPY

by Jan Struther

Author of "Mrs. Miniver" and "A Pocketful of Pebbles"

"There aren't any happy endings in life, but thank God there are plenty of happy beginnings."

—From "FAÇADE," by THEODORA BENSON

I FIRST read that sentence about 25 years ago, in a novel written by a girl of my own age. I copied it into my commonplace book as a delightful scrap of lighthearted cynicism, but the passing of the years has taught me that it is far more than that. The first half of it seems less true now than it did — I have found that life supplies many happy endings, though naturally not as many as one expects — but the second half has become, for me, more and more true and more and more comforting.

When I first read that book I was pretty much at the beginning of things myself. I thought the hopes and projects that then filled my heart were the most important things in the world, and that if they did not come to fruition my life would be as good as finished. I had not yet had time to find out how many new beginnings a lifetime can

contain, and how with each one of them there comes a miraculous renewal of one's youth.

For example, I know a middle-aged widow who thought her world was shattered because all her three children had married and gone to live at an inaccessible distance. After a few months, to ease her loneliness, she took a foster child into her home and found that she had opened the door to a new kind of happiness.

I KNOW a man of 65, recently retired from a not very successful business career, who has just taken up the study of astronomy. He is far younger of heart and brighter of eye than his own son, who is currently staring at the wall because he has failed to make good in the running of a decorating business.

I sometimes wonder whether the author of that book was unusually mature for her age, or whether she, too, has been making the gradual discovery that what she half-flippantly wrote in her, my and the century's 20's was not cynicism at all but a piece of profound sustaining wisdom.

Sidelines

BRIGHT EYES. Last month, in our *Cartoon* column, we published a picture of Movie Editor Louis Berg engaged in battle over the chessboard with actor Marlon Brando on the set of "Julius Caesar." But something was wrong, we quickly learned from sharp-eyed readers; the combatants were playing backwards! A new twist to the game? Not at all. It was just a photographic mix-up. At first we thought the negative had been printed in reverse. But later checking showed that Photographer Ruth Orkin, pinched for space, had settled on the device of shooting the scene through a large mirror (see below).



"Through the looking glass"

Only trouble was, we didn't know about the mirror until it was too late to make a switch.

FRIEND IN NEED. Red-faced officials of an Oregon bank, so we're told, found their vault's time clock had been set two days ahead by mistake. Sheepishly, they were forced to request a loan from the rival bank to conduct business. The loan was approved.

EXCLUSIVE! In next week's issue, Lev Vasiliev, an escaped Russian secret agent, brings you the shocking eyewitness story of how he helped organize "The Soviet Plot to Steal Iran."

—THE EDITORS

This Week

THE SUNDAY MAGAZINE

WILLIAM J. NICHOLS, Editor

Editorial offices: 420 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, New York

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Cover by Joseph J. Steinmetz

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FOR A BETTER AMERICA

For the Most Beautiful Hair in the World ...

4 out of 5 Top Hollywood Stars use Lustre-Creme Shampoo



Anne Baxter

co-starring in "I CONFESS"
A Warner Bros. Production



Glamour-made-easy! Even in hardest water, Lustre-Creme "shines" as it cleans . . . leaves hair soft and fragrant, free of loose dandruff. And Lustre-Creme Shampoo is blessed with *Natural Lanolin*. It doesn't dry or dull your hair!

Makes hair eager to curl! Now you can "do things" with your hair—right after you wash it! Lustre-Creme Shampoo helps make hair a delight to manage—tames flyaway locks to the lightest brush touch, brings out glorious sheen.

Fabulous Lustre-Creme costs no more than other shampoos—
27¢ to \$2 in jars or tubes.



ANNE BAXTER says, "Yes, I use Lustre-Creme Shampoo." In fact, in less than two years, Lustre-Creme has become the shampoo of the majority of top Hollywood stars! When America's most glamorous women—beauties like Anne Baxter—use Lustre-Creme Shampoo, shouldn't it be *your* choice above all others, too?

"My Skin thrives on Cashmere Bouquet Soap"

because it's such wholesome skin care!"

says complexion-lovely Paula Stewart.

**Read How This Glamorous Young TV Actress Was Helped
By Candy Jones, Famous Beauty Director**



Candy Jones
(Mrs. Harry Conover)

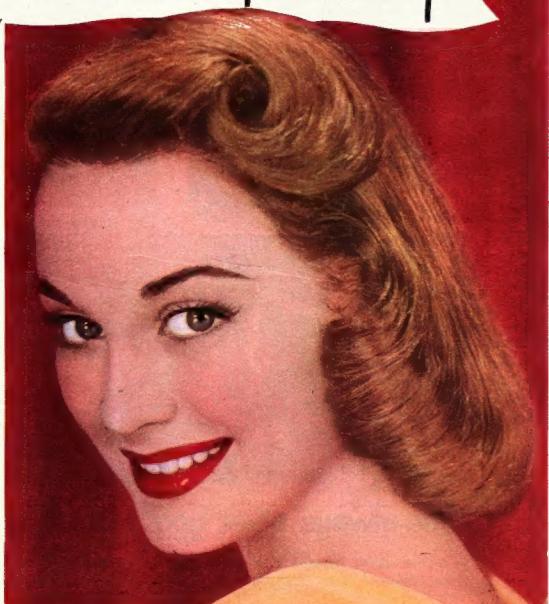
"I always was interested in acting on television", says Miss Stewart, "but I was afraid of close-ups. I enrolled at the Conover School where Candy Jones helped me. The most important lesson she taught me was proper skin-care! 'Use Cashmere Bouquet Soap every day', she said, 'it leaves a look of fresh, radiant, natural beauty—such a no amount of make-up can!' Today I attribute my clear-skinned 'television-look' to this wonderful, wholesome care!"

Why not do as Miss Jones advises? Use gentle, mild Cashmere Bouquet Soap every day!

**Here Are Candy Jones'
Personal Beauty Tips For You!**

- 1 Bed-time beauty care for elbows, knees and heels. Saturate cotton pads with Cashmere Bouquet Hand Lotion. Attach with tape and leave on overnight!
- 2 Never apply or remove make-up without first thoroughly washing your hands with delicate, mild Cashmere Bouquet Soap.

Candy
More later,



-give yourself a "Coffee-break!"



WORK BETTER! . . . Emmett Kelly, a star clown of Ringling Bros and Barnum and Bailey Circus, joins the gang for a "Coffee-break". The circus is fun — but hard work, too! And a cup of coffee always helps to ease the strain! In the Big Top or Big Business, the best break in *anybody's* working day . . . is a "Coffee-break"!



THINK BETTER! . . . Circus problems are many! That's why owner John Ringling North takes his work in one hand, coffee in the other! Coffee's gentle lift helps keep your mind alert.

FEEL BETTER! . . . The circus is fun for everyone — and so's a cup of full-strength coffee! Enjoy coffee's friendly flavor at home, at work, in your favorite restaurant. At mealtimes and in-between, give yourself a "Coffee-break"!



Coffee always gives you a break!

PAN-AMERICAN COFFEE BUREAU, 120 Wall St., New York 5 • Brazil • Colombia • Costa Rica
Cuba • Dominican Republic • Ecuador • El Salvador • Guatemala • Honduras • Mexico • Venezuela

• 1953



THE KIDS SOUND OFF



"THE TROUBLE with our school systems today," explains Educator William Brish, of Maryland, "is that the teachers are afraid of the principals, the principals are afraid of the Boards of Education and the Boards are afraid of the parents. But the children of 1953 — they're afraid of nobody!"

Of course, children are not all quite so obstreperous as the little monster who crawled all over Tallulah Bankhead one afternoon. "Our little Philip is certainly a problem," admitted the mother. "We don't know what to make of him."

Miss Bankhead seized a moment when Mama's head was turned the other way to give Philip a hearty cuff on the ear and suggest, "How about a nice rug?"

THE DILEMMA of proper clothing is the least of a small boy's worries, but with girls it's something else again. One six-year-old girl, trying to dress herself, cried, "Mama! How can I button my dress when the buttons are in the back and I'm in the front?"

Another, five years older, approached her hour of decision in the lingerie section of a fashionable department store. She examined a quantity of brassieres, finally selected the most elaborate and asked the clerk, "Have you anything like this for beginners?"

A publisher friend of mine really had his troubles with a 10-year-old daughter who was so obsessed with clothes she could think of little else. One day her mother decided the time had come to tell her about the bees and the flowers. The daughter seemed to be listening attentively and finally, her mother said, "Well, that's it. Any questions?"

"Yes, Mother," was the reply. "Just one thing isn't clear. What does a girl wear for things like that?"

WHEN FRIENDS of Joe Laurie, Jr., had a baby daughter, he suggested that they word their announcement, "We have skirted the issue." Some months later, the mother made the mistake of leaving the baby in her husband's care while she closeted herself in the library to pay the month's bills. Pa buried himself behind his newspaper and forgot

about the baby until he heard a series of thumps, followed by a horrendous wail. Clearly, baby had fallen down the stairs.

"Martha," called the father excitedly. "Come quick! Our little girl just took her first forty-eight steps!"

IF YOUR KIDS are anything like mine, they dearly love receiving presents — but hate even more having to write thank-you letters therefor. My Jonnie got around to thanking his Uncle Herbert for a Christmas gift along about March 25. What he wrote was, "I'm sorry I didn't thank you for my present, and it would serve me right if you forgot about my birthday next Thursday . . ." That note ranks with the intercepted corre-



MORE CERFS: Chris, Phyllis (Mrs. C.) and letter-writer Jonnie (right)

spondence of a boy and girl who sat next to each other in a third-grade class.

Wrote the boy: "Dear Judge: I luv you. Do you luv me? Jimmy." Answered the girl: "Dear Jimmy: I do NOT love you. Love, Judy."

THE LAST STRAW. Young Walter rushed up to his mother with his pal and announced, "Ma, we're playing we're great big elephants at the zoo and we want you to play with us." "Thank you, Walter," said Mother indulgently, "but how do I fit into this game?"

"We've figured it all out," said Walter. "You can be the nice lady who feeds the elephants lots of peanuts and candy."

— BENNETT CERF



ONE EXPERT'S view of education: everyone's scared except the kids

Can Our Generation Conquer Tooth Decay and Bad Breath?

The Story of the Peoria School Children and the Problem Grown-Ups

What's the solid basis for all this excitement about the new "wonder-ingredients" in tooth paste?

Do ammoniated dentifrices really halt decay? Does chlorophyll stop bad breath? Are they thoroughly beneficial?

These careful experiments, by reputable scientists, give the facts that every mother and wife wants to know.

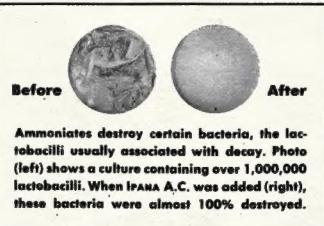
When the schoolbell rang for the pigtailed-and-freckles set in Peoria, Ill.—morning and afternoon for two whole years—what appeared first on desk after desk was neither a book nor a pencil. It was a paper towel and a pair of paper cups.

One cup contained water, the other a scientifically prepared, measured dentifrice. And the first thing the children did was to brush their teeth.

But all the children did not use the same dentifrice.

Among the 784 grammar-grade youngsters who completed this long test, under the direction of two professors of the University of Illinois College of Dentistry, one group used an ammoniated dentifrice. Another group used an ordinary non-ammoniated dentifrice. And still a third group did not brush their teeth at school at all. They were the "control"—against which results could be measured.

With X-rays, mouth mirrors and sharp "explorers,"



Ammoniates destroy certain bacteria, the lactobacilli usually associated with decay. Photo (left) shows a culture containing over 1,000,000 lactobacilli. When IPANA A.C. was added (right), these bacteria were almost 100% destroyed.

the children's teeth were given before-and-after examinations, two years apart, by independent dentists from the State Health Department.

The groups of children were known by code letters. No one knew how the experiment was coming out until the last cavity was counted.

And the result?

The ammoniated dentifrice, compared with the non-ammoniated dentifrice, produced more than twice as great a reduction in decay!

Today—exactly the same ammoniated ingredients used in that test dentifrice are now incorporated in IPANA A.C., the new Ammoniated Chlorophyll tooth paste. *No other leading tooth paste has this formula . . . licensed by the University of Illinois Foundation under U.S. Patents Nos. 2,542,886 and 2,622,058, and other patents pending.*

Then—136 Tests of Unhappy Men and Women

Some time after the Peoria tests, a group was gathered in a Manhattan laboratory for a test on a different "wonder-ingredient" in IPANA A.C. . . . chlorophyll, derived from the life-stuff of growing plants.

The subjects of this test had a common adult affliction, halitosis—bad breath of local origin. All of them were extreme cases.

One by one, they breathed into the "New Osmometer," an apparatus invented by Dr. Louis C. Barail, consulting bio-chemist and toxicologist of New York.†

After their first odor test, these problem cases brushed their teeth *once* with the new IPANA A.C.

Then after six hours, nine hours, twelve hours, they made further osmometer records. In between they ate and smoked freely. And in every single case, the New Osmometer showed that just one IPANA A.C. brushing definitely stopped unpleasant odor—in most cases even for twelve hours.

IPANA A.C. is the only chlorophyll tooth paste to offer evidence of such long-lasting breath protection.

Farewell to Green Stains, too.

Still another goal set by the scientists who compounded the new IPANA A.C. Tooth Paste was the avoidance of green chlorophyll stains.

Unlike green tooth pastes that leave messy stains, IPANA A.C. washes completely off tooth brush, bowl,



A wonderful blessing—if much of the pain, the trouble, the tooth loss from decay could be avoided! Now this safeguard comes in the same family tooth paste that provides the breath-protection of chlorophyll—the new IPANA A.C.

or towel. The American Institute of Laundering, after extensive tests, has awarded its "certified" seal to IPANA A.C. and guarantees that it washes easily out of all kinds of fabrics.



What does all this careful testing mean to you and your children?

It means bright promise that, through ammoniated IPANA A.C., you can all be delivered from much of the pain and trouble and lasting injury of tooth decay.

It means new assurance that, through the chlorophyll in IPANA A.C., bad breath can be stopped where it usually originates—in the mouth.

It means that your dentist has a new ally.

Cooperate with your dentist—make sure the whole family visits him regularly. Brush with IPANA A.C. after meals for best results, as dentists agree you should.

You will then be getting the full benefits of IPANA A.C. . . . tested and proved . . . with authentic, conclusive proofs that no other tooth paste offers you.

The New Ammoniated Chlorophyll Tooth Paste

IPANA A.C. is ammoniated to reduce decay—contains chlorophyll to stop bad breath all day. Costs less to try than leading chlorophyll pastes.

A Product of Bristol-Myers

*Reported in the *Journal of the American Dental Association* Vol. 42, February, 1951.

†Reported at the December 1952 meeting of the Society of Cosmetic Chemists.

New high-speed, work-saving method Only possible because **SPRY** is HOMOGENIZED-

THAT MEANS "PRE-CREAMED"—to mix quickly and thoroughly with DRY and LIQUID INGREDIENTS

See how **EASY** it is to make this delicious Meringue Pie—
SAVE MONEY, TOO!



THE SPRY "WATER-WHIP" WAY



PUT 7 tablespoons HOMOGENIZED SPRY in mixing bowl. Add 3 tablespoons boiling water and 1 teaspoon milk and break up SPRY with fork. Tilt bowl and rapidly whip with fork until mixture is thick and *holds soft peaks*.

SAVE TIME WITH JELL-O PIE FILLING



HOW TO MAKE THE MERINGUE



FOLLOW directions on the Jell-O Pie Filling package. Cook and stir over medium heat until mixture comes to a boil and is thickened (about 5 minutes). Cool 5 minutes, stirring once or twice. Turn into baked pie shell.

FOLLOW directions on the Jell-O Lemon Pie Filling package. For larger volume, have eggs at room temperature. Spread meringue over filling, extending to edge of pie shell to prevent shrinking. Bake at 425°F., 3-10 minutes.

Spry—the Modern Short-cut to better baking

—is guaranteed by Lever Brothers Company

PUT 7 tablespoons HOMOGENIZED SPRY in mixing bowl. Add 3 tablespoons boiling water and 1 teaspoon milk and break up SPRY with fork. Tilt bowl and rapidly whip with fork until mixture is thick and *holds soft peaks*.

SIFT 1 1/4 cups flour and 1/2 teaspoon salt together onto SPRY mixture. There's no cutting in! SPRY mixes directly with liquids! This is *possible only because SPRY is homogenized—pre-creamed*—to blend quickly and easily.

Here's your chance to try
JELL-O Pie Filling
AT OUR EXPENSE

Your choice of Lemon or the
new Coconut Cream



FREE!

OF EXTRA COST
when you buy one
3 lb. can of SPRY
with the yellow band



TEAR OFF COUPON ON BACK OF CAN
AND GIVE IT TO YOUR DEALER

JELL-O is a registered trademark of General Foods Corp.



YANNIS ZAMBOIS - EPA

SLOGAN WAR: Sign, "Ami (Americans) Go Home," was painted by German Reds. Here anti-Communist Germans are covering it with posters

THEY'LL NEVER LOVE THE U.S.A.!

READ... WATCH... LISTEN



"Why don't they like us abroad?" Miss Higgins, just back from a round-the-world trip, will discuss this article further on NBC radio and TV this Sunday. The program: Theodore Granik's award-winning forum "Youth Wants to Know." Panel members will ask questions based on the article. The time: 1 p.m. EST. Read the article, then tune in on the discussion

We may as well stop trying to charm our allies, says this world reporter. But we can and must earn respect for our leadership

by Marguerite Higgins

AMERICANS, who more than any other people put a premium on "being popular," wonder why, despite all the billions of dollars we spend, we are so widely disliked abroad even among our Allies.

The best answer on my recent round-the-world trip came from wise old Konrad Adenauer, Chancellor of West Germany. In discussing our impact on Europe, Chancellor Adenauer observed: "You know, this continent still needs a lot of leadership, or to speak more frankly, prodding. Yes, Europe has to be prodded toward its own happiness."

And obviously with the Eisenhower concept

of a stronger attitude toward Soviet imperialism, the United States in the future will have to do even more "prodding" of its reluctant allies than in the past. Prodding is seldom popular. So as a people we will just have to lower our sensitivities.

Furore at Bonn

But we can and should reduce the irritation to the minimum by doing away with preventable causes of friction. The sources of these irritations can be as broad as a national policy or as small as a single act of an American individual.

Take the furor raised by an American senator last year at Bonn, Germany, at an official reception in honor of the signing of the Peace Contract. On this occasion, the senator, who is no doubt a fine fellow basically, gave way to an exuberant impulse, grabbed elderly, dignified Chancellor Adenauer by the waist and waltzed him vigorously round the room.

Being a man of wide experience, Chancellor Adenauer probably realizes that we Americans are an informal people frequently inclined to put folksiness above decorum. The fact

Continued on page 34



For a moment Nancy hesitated
at the edge of the entry where
the assassin had disappeared



THE DANGEROUS CHASE

THROUGH THE TWISTING STREETS OF PENANG, NANCY PURSUED A DARK ORIENTAL

FEATURE FICTION

AUNT GRACE looked like a hen who's hatched a duckling and said, "But Nancy, this is Malaya. The cold war's hot here."

She recognized the look in Nancy's eyes. She'd seen it before, long ago, in the eyes of both Nancy's grandfathers. They'd been pioneers in Northwest Australia. The mingled stubbornness and curiosity that makes a pioneer tick was there again in her niece's clear blue gaze.

"The war's on the mainland, in the jungle," Nancy said. "You went ashore yourself the day before yesterday at Singapore. Well, this is Penang, an island the way Singapore is."

Aunt Grace sighed. "But after dark..."

"They have lights," Nancy pointed across the blue-black water of the roadstead at the lights that were coming out, like stars, along the waterfront and high on the Peak. "Mike'll be with me," she went on. "And you know what he said — we won't see a finer place this trip than Penang. Besides I've just got to get something to write about before I answer all those letters I picked up in Singapore. I can't just write, 'Dear Classmates, Singapore was breathless! I went ashore with Aunt Grace and had lunch in a big English hotel and bought a slip in a big English store —'"

"It's showing," Aunt Grace interrupted bleakly.

IT WAS TOO. "I thought I'd fixed it," Nancy said, wriggling her slim hips and easing up the nylon slip. "Look, Aunt Grace, I've come four thousand miles from Sydney, and what have I seen?"

"I promised your father I'd keep an eye on you," her aunt said unhappily, but she soon gave in. She wasn't really stuffy and she usually did. And she liked Mike Forrester, the young deck officer who was so clearly attracted by Nancy's vivid response to the first big adventure of her life. "I'm going to take my nap now. And don't forget, half-past ten will be quite late enough for the pair of you to be back on board."

But no sooner had she gone below than Mike was at Nancy's elbow swearing blue murder at the captain, who'd put him on extra duty.

ASSASSIN. SUDDENLY HE TURNED ON HER, HIS HANDS REACHING FOR HER THROAT...

by Mark Derby

Illustrated by George Hughes

The trip ashore, with Mike, at least, was out. Nancy took it easier than he'd expected. But that was because she'd made one of her headstrong snap decisions the moment he broke the news, and she kept it to herself.

She'd do it solo.

So there she was ashore, twenty minutes later, her candid Australian eyes alight at the radiance of the rising moon and the newly lit waterfront lamps and her slip showing again and her conscience nagging as she turned a last glance back at the lighted ship out in the roads...

For the next hour she saw Penang after dark. Like a child at a fair she wandered down one side-street after another, peering into little cluttered shops and stalls, peering in the entrances to temples where joss-sticks burned before monstrous images, delighting in the gusto and vitality of the seething life of Chinatown. Self-consciously she sat at a tiny open-air stall and drank excellent coffee and afterwards bought a delicious ball of flaked ice stained and sticky with raspberry syrup from a small tamai hawker-boy.

The slip kept showing.

Find a quiet corner where she could fix it properly wasn't so easy. But at last there was a more secluded street and halfway down a narrow opening between two blank walls. She stepped back off the sidewalk, advanced a couple of yards and found herself in pitch darkness.

A pin shortened the left shoulder strap and then, just as she was ready to step back into the street again, a man slipped into the opening and stood in the entrance, barring her way.

He hadn't seen her. He stood with his back to her, only just inside the black shadow of the opening. But when she opened her mouth

to ask him to let her pass embarrassment suddenly gagged her. She waited, instead.

The street was not well lighted and it was almost deserted until a black car pulled up outside a lighted door on the opposite side. There were posters to right and left of the steps up to the door. They showed a photo of a stout Chinese in eyeglasses.

Ininctively Nancy disliked the man who stood so still in front of her. She couldn't see his face, but something about his stillness, the coarse oiled hair and the thin shoulders and elbows that gave him so sharp a silhouette made her hold herself back from his nearness with distaste.

He was absolutely motionless, his eyes fixed on the lighted door on the other side of the street, until there was movement inside and a group of Chinese in noisy conversation appeared at the top of the steps.

The man in front of Nancy moved. He took something from his pants pocket and without taking his eyes off the doorway pulled at whatever it was with his other hand. Nancy saw a small, glinting thing fall by his foot and was startled to hear him speak.

HE SPOKE three words, softly to himself. She didn't know what they were. He looked Chinese — maybe the three slow words were Chinese: one-two-three.

At the third word he crouched, and his right

arm came back until it almost touched her knee. Then the arm swung forward and a dark missile rose from his hand.

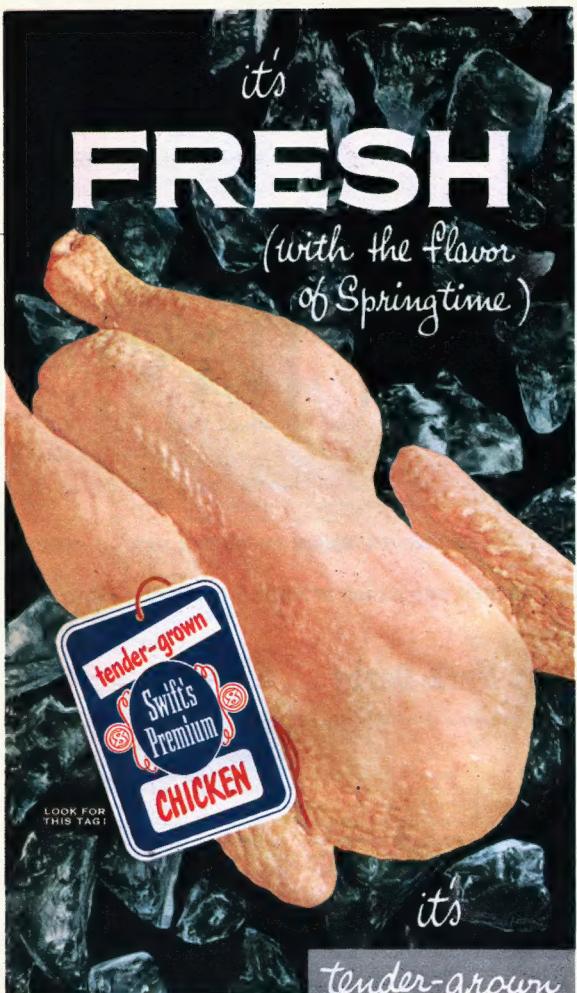
It crossed the street in a low arc and landed, looking like a small metal pineapple, in the gutter between the car and the man who was coming down the steps to the car. Nancy had time, an instant of time, to see that he was the man in the two poster photos. He came down between the two pictures of himself and then there was a flash and an explosion that shook the street. His arms flew up and he toppled and crashed down at the foot of the steps. There was the tinkle of falling glass fragments and then silence again.

THE man who had thrown the bomb was gone, and Nancy was free to step back into the street. She found it almost empty. At sound of the explosion the passers-by, instead of assisting the victim or grappling with his assailant, had just melted away. That, somebody had told her, was the way of Orientals in a crisis. There was only the echo of escaping footsteps and the motionless stout body sprawled at the foot of the steps.

She was half-way across the street when a man came running down the steps to bend over the bomb victim. From his manner he looked either a doctor or an any rate better skilled at first aid than she was. Turning

Continued on page 28

AUTHOR. "Mark Derby" isn't his real name, but he has used it on the three exciting suspense novels he has written. The third, called "The Big Water," will be published in early May. Mr. Derby has spent a great deal of time in Malaya, training British troops for the hot jungle war.



This is the super-chicken that's specially bred, fed and tenderly cared for . . . that reaches frying size a whole month sooner than ordinary chicken. Each bird is cleaned to perfection . . . then rushed to market fast-chilled on ice . . . to assure you all the flavor of springtime the year around. Look for it . . . displayed on ice or under refrigeration at your dealer's. He also has it cut up and tray-packed for your convenience.

Join the "Breakfast Club" Wednesdays over ABC 8 to 9 A.M., C.S.T.

SWIFT'S PREMIUM

(the dream chicken that came true!)



FAMILY ALBUM



OUR HEROINE has her troubles (two)

"I'M IN THE MIDDLE"

by Melinda Ashbaugh

(As thoughtfully told to her father, Dick Ashbaugh)

Another Ashbaugh daughter sounds off. Her main gripe: sisters, older and younger

WHEN you are the middle one in the family you always have two things to worry about. The two things I've got are my sister Molly, who is 15 (we call her the Queen Bee), and my little sister, Michaela, who can drive you crazy even if she is only five. I am 10 and right in the middle.

First of all I am not allowed to hit my little sister even when she puts grasshoppers in my schoolbag. My father says if there is any hitting to be done he will do it, but he never does. My mother, too, the reason my father doesn't spank Michaela very often is first, he can't catch her, and second, she is the baby and he is very soft-hearted about whamming her one. I certainly wouldn't be.

I have a different kind of trouble with Molly. She thinks kids my age are worms, and she is always telling my father that if she has to put up with me another minute she will leave home. My father just laughs and says go ahead. I think it would save him a lot of money because she is always wanting things like shoes when she already has three pairs. She never does leave home, either, because she's afraid she will miss something.

Verdict on Ballet

LAST summer I wrote a story about her and sold it to my father for eight cents. It was called "Worried Molly," and it told how she can never find anything. She can't find her fountain pen, or her lipstick, or her friendship ring, or hardly anything she wears. And she can never find more than one ballet slipper. She goes limping around and telling everybody I hid her other slipper. I think ballet is dumb. One time I heard my mother telling my father that Molly was about as graceful as Sherman Tank whoever he is.



AUTHOR: The bubble-gum kid

Probably the worst thing kids my age have to put up with is little sisters. You have to put up with following. They follow you every place. It would be all right except the minute you get over to your girl friend's house they have to go to the bathroom. If it's winter time you have boots and bandanas and mittens and about a million zippers to undo. Also, they get hungry. Then whoever's mother it is has to get out cookies and it makes you feel silly.

Being a Disgrace

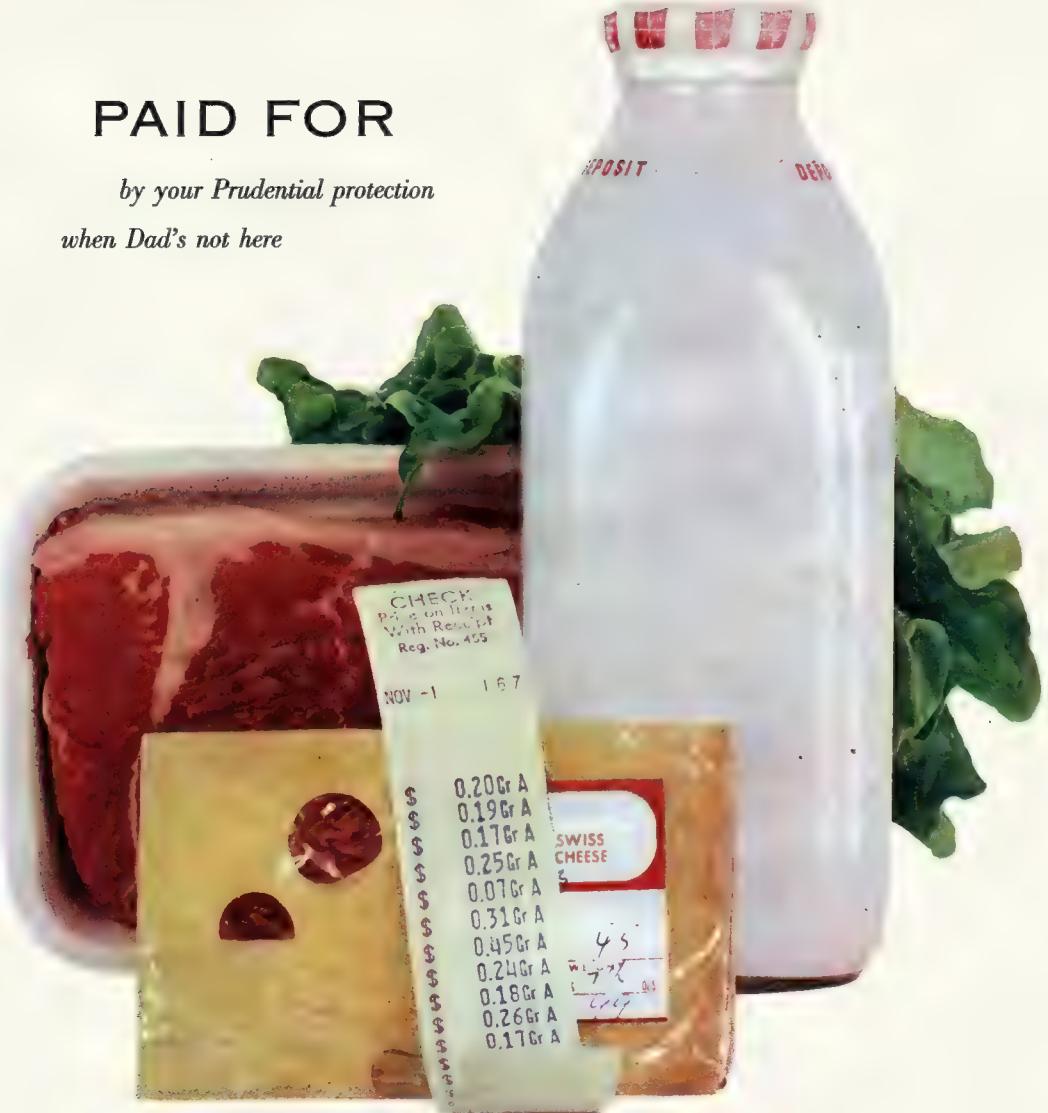
SOMETIMES you can make money out of baby sisters. My father used to pay me two cents a story to read to Michaela when he was nervous. The only trouble is that Michaela found out I was getting money and now she wants two cents a story for listening. One Saturday when it was raining I made 84 cents, and my father said it would be cheaper to stay nervous. I read until I was green.

When you have a sister who is 15 she is too dignified to take you anywhere. Sometimes when Molly has to take me to the dentist she makes me walk in back of her. This is because I kick stones or other things lying on the sidewalk. One time when she stopped to talk to a boy, I popped my bubble gum and she nearly brained me. It was about the biggest bubble I ever made and Molly said I was a disgrace.

I wouldn't mind being the middle one so much except that I have to put up with Michaela. One day we were walking down the street and I saw a boy I almost hate named Curtis. I think he was going to throw mudballs at me or pull my hair but he didn't get a chance. When he came running up Michaela stuck out her hockey stick and he tripped and tore his blue jeans. This made him disgusted and he went on without even trying to yank my bandanna. I told Michaela she was a disgrace, and if she ever did that again I'd brain her. I will, too.

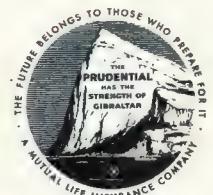
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*by your Prudential protection
when Dad's not here*



*For life insurance that will pay your family
a guaranteed income*

See your PRUDENTIAL AGENT



"GREATEST CLUB ON EARTH"

(See Front Cover)

by A. E. Hotchner



"COOKIE THE CLOWN," otherwise Richard Arcand, is Clown Club's founder-president



RAY BICKFORD and his walking stick



BUZZY POTTS used a famous "stop" act

Crisis in the circus world: the clowns are vanishing! But this band is fighting the trend. Want to join?

THE shattering news this morning is that the white-faced, red-nosed, twinkly-eyed clown is slowly disappearing from the face of the earth. Last year was probably the biggest circus year since 1930, but the clown shortage was so acute that some circus owners had to press members of their own families into clown service, and one owner even had to grease up, put on a tramp suit and strut around himself.

I have just obtained this depressing information from the clowns themselves. We sat around a big table at the Bell Tavern, a pleasant New York bistro, and the clowns wept into their pink lemonade as they told me about their plight.

However, before we go any further into this baleful situation, let me brighten the face of any worried small fry who may have gathered around, by relating the cheering news that the clowns who were sharing this jug of lemonade with me are all charter members of a new organization, devoted to restoring the glory of clowndom.

Their organization is called the "Circus Clown Club of America," but in its few years of existence it has already taken on an international flavor. There are branches in Canada, England, Australia, France, India, South America, Mexico and New Zealand, and next year may see the first international clown convention in history. (Among its members are the four famous clowns on the cover: Felix Adler and Emmet Kelly, above, and Paul Jerome and Harry Dunn, below.)

New Blood Needed

THE Circus Clown Club, which styles itself "The Greatest Club on Earth," is primarily interested in improving the lot of the clown. Right now this means bringing young clown blood into the circus and into the ranks of the clown amateurs who perform at hospitals, orphan homes, U.S.O. functions and the like.

But one old clown at the table told me, "To get youngsters interested, we've got to bolster up the battered dignity of the poor clown.

Today he's the worst-paid performer in the circus. What's more, he's low man in the circus caste system which means that no one, except other clowns, will have much to do with him socially.

"I've seen trapeze men, standing at a bar having a drink, walk off when a couple of clowns came up. And to top it all, clowns are just about the most jealous people alive. They always think some other clown is about to steal their act, their costume or their face."

Another of the clowns at the table, Tard Northrop, a veteran amateur whose bright, diamond-shaped eyes and bulbous pink nose would identify him anywhere, told about a friend of his who heard, one day, that a clown with another circus, a thousand miles away, had stolen his mouth and neck. Northrop's friend went tearing out of the tent, hopped the first train he could get, located the derelict clown and forced him, on the spot, to wipe off his make-up.

"Three Years for a Face"

"THE clown's face is truly his fortune," Northrop says. "An unwritten law in clowning says you have to have an original face, and those of us who have clowned for so long can take one look at a face and tell if it's a copy. It takes two, three years at least to develop a good face."

Members of the club take photographs of their faces and mail them around for comment. One told me that he recently got back a photo with this notation on the back: "If Emmet Kelly sees that nose and mouth he'll cut your ears off."

Finding an original costume is just about as difficult. But hardest of all is the development of a fresh, funny act. Actually, the clown has to perform in three different categories: (1) production numbers, like the traditional burning house and other theatrical affairs; (2) walk-arounds; (3) stops.

The walk-around is a "sight gag." Felix Adler, with his little umbrella and big behind; the two clowns who kick each other in the pants, causing cartridges to explode; the clown who rides in a little cart drawn by two pigs.

However, the "stop" is the real challenge.

My clowns told me that a splendid example of a stop was Buzzy Potts's act. Potts would open the large coat he was wearing, whereupon two fox terriers would jump out and begin running around him in mad circles.

Continued on page 24



NORBERT PROVOST is now a TV magician



LOU JACOBS is a veteran Ringlinger

*One taste and
you'll agree...it's*



*Glori*fried Chicken

**Luscious! Tender! Done to a turn
with MAZOLA Salad and Cooking Oil**



HERE's fried chicken the way you like it...crispy golden-brown outside...tender and juicy inside! The one sure way to end up with this chicken feast is to start with Mazola® in the pan.

Good golden Mazola is a pure, clear vegetable oil, so clean and convenient to use. It quickly sears over the chicken...seals in the rich juices and flavor. It really *Glori-FRIES*!

Be sure to select a plump, young frier...or, for convenience, buy fresh-frozen chicken in a package, (like Swanson's). Flour it...add seasoning and fry in Mazola...for rich, golden-brown, digestible goodness.

If you prefer deep-fried chicken...take the word of leading chefs...there's nothing quite like Mazola for deep-frying. It fries perfectly at correct temperatures, with no smoking! Even in the new automatic electric deep fryers, Mazola performs perfectly—really *Glori-FRIES* all your foods.

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Pure
vegetable
oil...
in pint
bottles and
quart tins



PURDUE UNIVERSITY. Members of the class of '53 at this midwestern college look over list of oil company interviewers who will visit campus during a single month. Oil company representatives search the nation's

colleges for seniors who can qualify for a wide variety of technical and non-technical jobs. To get topflight men and women, each oil company must compete successfully with rival oil companies as well as other industries.

HERE ARE A FEW OF THE HUNDREDS OF COLLEGES WHERE OILMEN SEEK NEW TALENT:



SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA. Business major Jim Halverson, son of an oilman, has always wanted a career as an oil company salesman.



CORNELL. Civil engineering major Ron Gebhardt is considering pipeline transport and construction—a vital branch of the oil industry.



MINNESOTA. Geological engineer Ernest Maki chose job after 7 oil company interviews—sees great opportunities for oil geologists.



U. T. Bob Oliver gets Doctorate of Science in June; has accepted promising job in research and development for a West Coast oil company.



OHIO STATE. Commerce major Mary Uehling is looking for personnel job—will join thousands of young women now in oil industry.



SOUTHERN METHODIST. Korean vet Len Donohoe, electrical engineer, wants to work on electronic gear used in oil exploration.



NOTRE DAME. Interested in labor relations, law senior Bill Roche wants an oil company career because he feels the industry is stable.



GEORGIA TECH. Basketball captain Pete Silas, a chemical engineer, is being interviewed by 18 oil companies for sales engineering job.

MAN HUNT

Oil Companies Compete for the Class of '53

This month, college students throughout the United States are witnessing a fine example of oil company competition at work—right on the college campus.

Representatives of many oil companies, large and small, are now competing for thousands of qualified college seniors to fill a wide variety of jobs ranging from research, production and transportation through refining, sales, accounting and office work.

To the Class of '53, this oil company competition for their services means the opportunity to choose a career in a young and progressive industry. And to America's oil companies, in turn, these young people will bring a fresh supply of top-flight talent—talent every oil company is looking for to help keep ahead in the tough competitive struggle for your business.

Today Americans get the world's finest oil products at the world's lowest prices. This is only possible under a system of free competition where privately-managed oil companies have a chance to earn a profit while serving you.

For a free booklet for college and high school students, "Careers in Petroleum," write to Oil Industry Information Committee, American Petroleum Institute, Box 71, 50 West 50th Street, New York 20, N.Y.

SCIENCE LOOKS AT SLEEPWALKING

What causes this midnight trance?

Is it dangerous? Here are facts about one of man's oddest ailments

by Geraldine Mavor

Photograph by Joe Covello

SLEEPWALKING is one of the most mysterious acts performed by a human being. Yet we all know of cases of it, sometimes even in our own families.

The idea of a person getting out of bed in dead sleep, and then walking along a precipitous ledge or making his way through dense traffic is eerie and frightening.

What causes it? Can it suddenly happen to you? Are sleepwalkers dangerous? Can it be cured? Here are some of the vital questions about sleepwalking that science can answer.

Question: Is sleepwalking common?

A: Although it is known to occur frequently, it is impossible to estimate how many people actually sleepwalk, primarily because sleepwalkers rarely go to doctors or psychiatrists for treatment. Authorities think this is due to the mistaken belief that sleepwalking is always minor and insignificant. Sometimes it's serious, and to be on the safe side habitual somnambulists should consult a doctor.

Q: What is the physical condition of a sleepwalker?

A: Scientific studies agree on these characteristics: his eyes may be open or shut but he cannot see; his sense of smell may not react even to such pungent odors as ammonia; sticking a pin in him will usually not affect him; his hearing may be so deadened that a pistol shot will not cause him to start. But his muscular co-ordination is usually phenomenal. He is able to "think" in the sense that sleepwalkers have been known to solve intricate mathematical problems, write letters, work on paintings, attempt suicide. A German doctor has reported the case of a Miss Riechel who used to sleepwalk through the streets of Vienna with her eyes shut tight, do all her shopping. She never had an accident.

Q: Are sleepwalkers dangerous?

A: The actions of most somnambulists are absolutely harmless. If you have a sleep-

walker in your family, you should not worry on this account. Violence committed during sleepwalking is very rare. But there are a few such cases on record. A London sleepwalker murdered his wife and neatly carved her up. A young father, who occasionally sleepwalked, one night flung his infant son against the wall, killing him.

Q: What causes this strange ailment?

A: In his famous study, "Sleepwalking and Moonwalking," Dr. J. I. Sadger, of Vienna, reveals that sleepwalking is a method of wish fulfillment which lies close to the dream life, but is unique in that the body muscles are stimulated into action. A desire repressed during waking hours, Dr. Sadger says, may "dodge the personality" and emerge during sleep. Dr. M. N. Pai of the Neurosis Centre in Dartford, England, has discovered that almost every adult sleepwalker has a history of having walked as a child. Of the 117 sleepwalkers Dr. Pai studied, all had a history of childhood walking. Most children who sleepwalk are insecure, Dr. Pai believes, and they sleepwalk to satisfy their desire to climb into bed with their prime love object, either their mother or father.

Sleepwalking is most prevalent during adolescence when sexual changes taking place in the child intensify the dreams that motivate sleepwalking. The child walks because he cannot overcome his dream as well as an adult can, due to the fact that he has not yet fully developed what psychiatrists call his "ability to repress impulses." For example, a college student — at Yale, incidentally — dreaming that he was stealing a piece of pie from the pantry and fearing that his mother would catch him, jumped from his third-story dormitory window. Still asleep, he picked himself up, unharmed, and sleepwalked back to bed.

Q: What are the stages that lead up to the actual sleepwalking?

A: This is the common pattern: The person
Continued on page 26



SHE can't see, smell or hear — but she might write a letter or try suicide

NOTHING-NO, NOTHING-BEATS BETTER TASTE

and

LUCKIES TASTE BETTER!



Cleaner, Fresher... ...Smother!



You can even see why Luckies taste better—cleaner, fresher, smoother

Ask yourself this question: *Why do I smoke?*

You know, yourself, you smoke for enjoyment. And you get enjoyment only from the taste of a cigarette.

Luckies taste better—cleaner, fresher, smoother! You can see why when you strip the paper from a Lucky by tearing down the seam.

First, you see that your Lucky is *made better*, because it remains a perfect cylinder of fine tobacco—round, firm and fully packed.

Second, you see Luckies' famous fine tobacco itself—long strands of fine, light, truly mild tobacco with a rich aroma and an even better taste. Yes, L.S./M.F.T.—Lucky Strike means fine tobacco.

Nothing—no, nothing—beats better taste, and Luckies taste better—cleaner, fresher, smoother. So...



Be Happy—GO LUCKY!

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HOW WOULD YOU JUDGE THESE TWO UNMARRIED MOTHERS? THAT WAS THE
CHALLENGE LINDA FACED—AND IT TOOK

An Understanding Heart

BY ARTHUR GORDON

Illustrated by Hy Rubin

FICTION

IT'S a difficult job at times," Mrs. Patterson said, "and exhausting and maddening and discouraging and rewarding and several other adjectives I can't think of at the moment."

She looked doubtfully across the desk at the younger woman. "And in all fairness, I should tell you that there are several other applicants who have been highly recommended, some of them quite experienced in this sort of work."

"I'm afraid," said Linda Pomeroy with a faint smile, "I can't claim to be that."

"I know," Mrs. Patterson looked around the quiet office she had known so long and so well. It had seen a lot of human misery, but it had seen a lot of broken lives repaired, too. Mrs. Patterson was proud of the work she had done here. Now that her retirement was at hand, she wanted to choose the best possible successor.

The Advisory Board was giving her full discretion in the matter; her word would be final. Of all the applicants interviewed so far, she felt most attracted to this young war widow with the calm voice and steady eyes. But she was totally inexperienced. And so young, so very young. Perhaps, with six months' careful training...

Mrs. Patterson rubbed her forehead wearily. How could you possibly sit across a desk from a stranger and look into her heart and see whether she had the serenity and compassion, the strength and stability demanded by a job like this?

Director of the Middleton Home. The Middleton Home for Wayward Girls it had been called when Mrs. Patterson became Director a third of a century ago. Her first official act had been to abolish those last three words.

A BUZZER sounded on her desk. She picked up the phone, listened briefly. "All right," she said to her secretary. "I'll be ready for them in just a moment."

"I'll go now," said Linda Pomeroy, rising. "Thanks for your time and kindness, Mrs. Patterson."

"No, wait," said the Director. "Perhaps it would interest you to see how we handle one aspect of these cases." From a corner of the desk she took two cardboard folders. "The problem is the same for each of these two girls — whether to keep her baby, or have it adopted. Neither one has seen her child since it was born; that's our rule here. We give them two weeks to think about it very carefully. During that time we try not to influence them one way or the other, although in the end we often have to make the decision for them."

She stood up and came around the desk. "If you wouldn't mind sitting behind this screen... I think it would upset them to find a stranger here."

"Of course," said Linda Pomeroy.

Mrs. Patterson opened one folder, then the other. "Agnes and Camilla — their last names don't matter. Agnes is twenty-one and from somewhere up-state; Camilla is a year younger and has always lived in the city. Not that these things matter

either. Both had daughters." Her face softened. "You'd be amazed at how beautiful these children usually are. It's not surprising that we have far more requests from people wanting to adopt babies than we can possibly fill."

Linda Pomeroy sat down behind the screen. "Does each girl know the sex of her child?"

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Patterson, "we tell them that. And we try to point out fairly the pros and cons of adoption. On the one hand, the knowledge that they'll never see their child, never know who adopts it. On the other, all the difficulties and disadvantages of keeping it — under the circumstances. These two girls will have to choose tomorrow. This is their final interview."

"What if they leave it up to you?"

"In that case," said Mrs. Patterson, "I have to do what I think best. I'll talk to Agnes first."

LEFT alone behind the screen, Linda Pomeroy closed her eyes and gave herself up to listening. She had little hope of getting this job, although she wanted it desperately. Not merely because she needed it, needed the money, needed still more the sense of being needed. She actually believed that she could do it well. She knew the taste of sorrow and loneliness. She would like to ease the bitterness for others — if she could.

She listened now to the soft, hesitant voices of the girls, the calm dispassionate comments of the Director. It was evident, in each case, that the young mother was unsure of herself, uncertain what to do and unhappy in her uncertainty. Each of them wanted to do what was right, but...

When the second interview was over, and the girl had gone, Linda came from behind the screen.

"Well," said Mrs. Patterson, "you see how it is. You hope they'll make the decision for themselves, but as often as not they leave it up to you." She picked up a red pencil. "In such cases, I usually mark the folders A or K. K for Keep. A for Adoption. Suppose — she held out the pencil suddenly — 'you try your hand at it.'"

Linda Pomeroy took the pencil. She hesitated, but only for a second. She marked the folders and handed them back.

MRS. PATTERSON glanced at them, her face expressionless. "You think Agnes should give up her child and Camilla should keep hers? Why? The circumstances of each case are almost the same. Each one said she wanted only to do the right thing."

"Agnes," said Linda Pomeroy, "spoke only of 'the baby' — and she called her 'it.' Camilla talked about 'my baby' — and she called it 'her.'"

Mrs. Patterson felt as if a sudden weight had been lifted from her. She leaned back in her chair. She never made snap decisions, and she did not make one now. "Come in and see me tomorrow, will you?" she said. "Let's talk some more about this."

But to herself she was saying joyfully: *You'll do, my dear. You'll do.*

The End



CAMILLA

She was only twenty, a child of the city. She was serious in wanting to do what was right



AGNES

She was a year older than Camilla and she came from a little town up-state. What was best for her?

3 generations

tell
you
why

Maytag is the Automatic for you



All over America, three generations in the same families have chosen Maytags. Mrs. C. D. Chapin, Columbiaville, Michigan, belongs to a three-generation Maytag family. Her Maytag has a big double-walled tub, Roller Water Remover, Gyrafoam washing action, and Sediment Trap.



"I grew up with Maytag washers," says young Mrs. Leon Martin of Detroit, Michigan. "So, of course, only the Maytag Automatic could be my choice." She shows her new washer to Mother, Mrs. C. D. Chapin, Columbiaville, Michigan; and Grandmother, Mrs. George Dewey, Detroit, Michigan.

Maytag Dutch Oven Gas Range. Most efficient, best-insulated oven you can buy. Speedy gas cooking. Big burners. Easy to clean. Oven window. The Maytag Company, Newton, Iowa. Washers • Ranges • Freezers • Ironers.

... washes clothes as clean as my Maytag conventional," says Grandmother, Mrs. George Dewey. Yes . . . only the **Maytag** Automatic has famous Gyrafoam washing action . . . the agitator action originated by Maytag. Clothes get cleaner as gentle water currents wash out even the most stubborn dirt. **Safety Lid** . . . open it—washing action stops; close it, washing resumes. It's "children-proof." **No bolting down** . . . perfectly balanced. Adjustable legs fit uneven floors.

"I like the way I can wash everything from nylons to blue jeans," says Mrs. Martin. That's because the Maytag Automatic lets you vary the washing time. Completely automatic operation . . . even turns itself off. Up-and-over rinse flushes dirt away from clothes *not through them*. Thorough spin-drying leaves clothes fluffy, with no hard-to-iron wrinkles. Built by **Maytag** . . . and that means many extra years of dependable, trouble-free performance and cleanest clothes.

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Children enjoy
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CASTORIA

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Extra Mild Castoria
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When your child needs a laxative, never upset him with harsh adult preparations. Give Fletcher's Castoria, the natural laxative especially made for children from nature's own vegetable products. Contains no cascara, no castor oil, no salts, and no harsh drugs. Won't cause griping, diarrhea, nor upset sensitive digestive systems. Mild Fletcher's Castoria acts gently, thoroughly, and you can regulate dosage exactly. What's more, it's so pleasant-tasting, children take it without fussing. Get it now.



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The Original and Genuine
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Song of the **BULLDOZER**

by Berton Braley

WITH vim I would hymn of a piece of machinery
That thrills me and fills me with wonder and awe,
A Titan that ranges and changes the scenery
A giant whose might is the Right and the Law.

I SING the Bulldozer — and how it bulldozes!
Through, over and under whatever opposes;
The brute that amazes the gaping beholders
By nosing a pathway through twenty-ton boulders,
And snortingly slapping down towering trees
And tossing stone walls with gargantuan ease.

IT RAMS and it slams through terrain that's
uncrossable
It levels the hills and bedevils the swamp,
It wallows and follows a trail that's impossible
And takes filling canyons as merely a romp.

I SING the Bulldozer, bulldozing its way
Through sand and through gumbo, through
granite and clay;
The heavyweight champ with the wallop that floors
Most any old obstacle met with outdoors;
That butts at a mountain obstructing the view
— And keeps butting at it until it gets through.

I SING the Bulldozer, bulldozing along,
As big as ten bulls are—and ten times as strong!



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Colgate's ammoniated formula gives
"extra protection", helps neutralize
destructive mouth acids when used
regularly as directed. Removes dulling
film. Cleans teeth as it cleans
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tang to stew recipes and
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Try the new **TWO-TONE** "Philly" FUDGE

Easy!... No Cooking!
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The secret is this extra
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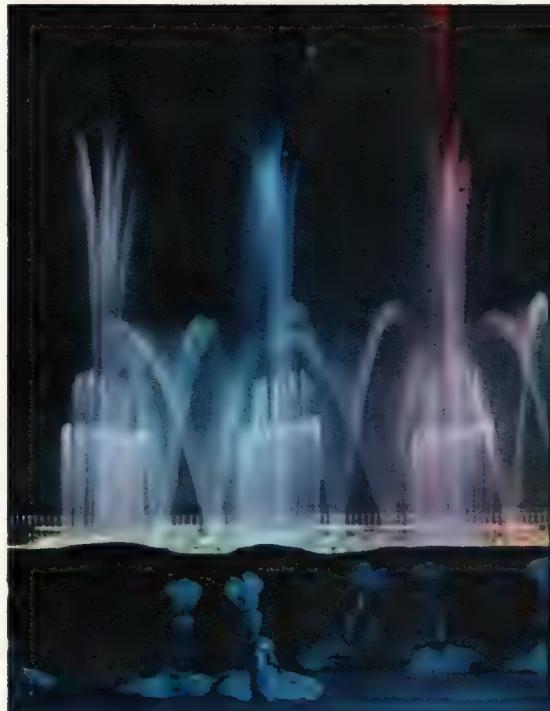
THE new Two-Tone "Philly" Fudge gives you that wonderful combination of cool peppermint and rich chocolate flavors combined.

For the chocolate layer: in a bowl cream one 3-oz. package of Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese (it's the special richness of genuine Philadelphia Brand that gives you creamy fudge!). Blend in 2 c. sifted confectioners' sugar. Add two 1-oz. squares melted unsweetened chocolate, 1/4 tsp. vanilla, dash of salt. Press into well-greased pan to depth of 1/4 inch. Chill 15 minutes.

For peppermint layer: follow directions above except use 2 1/2 c. sugar, no vanilla, and 2 tbsps. crushed peppermint stick candy in place of chocolate. Spread on top of chilled Chocolate "Philly" Fudge and place in refrigerator about 15 min. before cutting.



FREE RECIPES! To get recipes for 5 kinds of "Philly" Fudge use offer at the right.



"PIPE-ORGAN BALLET" is title of this formation. In foreground

Water Symph



INSTALLATION is a complicated chore

This sensational
was produced in
The cast: pipes, mol

SHOWN above is probably the most
ever designed. "Dancing Waters"
of plumbing is called, is composed of
steel pipe, 19 electric motors, 4,000 jets
and 38 tons of water.

Constructed in West Germany at
million dollars, it was unveiled for the
West Berlin last summer. Two New

it promptly booked the thing for Radio

The water designs it can produce,
in time to appropriate music, are said

tracts have been signed for shows in

and Dallas, following one in London.



and, Radio City Music Hall's Corps de Ballet relax and watch



"FIRE CASCADE": Water plus fancy lighting . . .



CHANGE OF COLOR turns it into blades of grass

ony

vaudeville act
West Germany.
ors, lights, H₂O

complicated stage prop
" as this fabulous piece
several thousand feet of
s. 60,000 watts of power

in case of a quarter of a
Industrial Exhibition in
York showmen who saw
City Music Hall.

under colored lights and
ld to be limitless. Con-
Atlantic City, Toronto
on at Coronation time.

Color Photographs by Werner Wolff

Millions of good cooks rave about "Philly" FROSTINGS

They're the 18 luscious frostings
you make with famous Philadelphia
Brand Cream Cheese. All so easy!



FROSTINGS that are never too hard . . . never
too soft . . . always spread beautifully . . .
keep fresh longer! And—extra luscious, too!
No wonder so many, many cake bakers
have changed to "Philly" Frostings—
made with famous Philadelphia Brand
Cream Cheese!

For Vanilla "Philly" Frosting blend together a 3-oz. package of Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese (or 6 level tablespoons) and 1 tbsp. milk. Gradually blend in 2 1/2 c. sifted confectioners' sugar. Add 1 tsp. vanilla. Remember: it's the special can't-be-copied richness of genuine Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese that makes cake frostings really luscious! Always see the name Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese on every package you buy.

FREE Recipe Booklet. Write for the "Philly" Cake Frosting and Fudge booklet. It gives 18 kinds of cake frostings and 5 kinds of "Philly" Fudge. Address Kraft Kitchen, Dept. T-A, Box 6567, Chicago 77, Illinois.

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You'll see SOUTHERNER...the luxurious new cotton carpet by Magee featured on the opposite page. You'll see BETH PAGE, Magee's elegant new Wilton. In short, you'll see every trend-setting floor-covering fashion in America.

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VEEP KISS. Former Vice-President Barkley demonstrates



EVERYBODY

PRESIDENTIAL kiss
by France's Auriol

AS EVERYONE knows, one of the foremost social graces in the world of VIP's is the art of kissing. It's an accomplishment statesmen and generals must master. (It can also come in handy for plain ordinary characters.) Here are experts.



WIDE WORLD
POLITICAL PROBLEM: Auriol again, with tougher subject



WIDE WORLD

MILITARY SALUTE: It's De Gaulle decorating Marshall

LOVES EVERYBODY!



ROBERT COHEN

CONTINENTAL: Gen. Juin greets Finnish ambassador



WIDE WORLD

PACIFIC THEATER: MacArthur surprises Mme. Chiang



SOUTHERNER,
a luxurious loop-pile
quality carpet in fifteen clear
contemporary colors. Pre-shrunk,
washable, long-wearing.
Each tuft is locked into the
improved, firm, sturdy back.
27 inch; 9 and 12 foot
widths. Scatter Rug sizes:
18" x 36", 24" x 48",
27" x 54", 36" x 60",
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Send 25¢ for your Magee "Room Service Kit," complete with paints, brush and cut-out book. The Magee Carpet Co. • Mills: Bloomsburg, Pa.

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Exclusive Argus "RED-i-dot" saves film!
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You see the picture exactly as you'll take it!
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"GREATEST CLUB ON EARTH"

Continued from page twelve

Suddenly they disappeared; Buzzy looked everywhere, finally turned his back to the crowd to reveal the two dogs, proudly sitting paws up on a wooden ledge attached to his backside.

Otto Griebling is fondly remembered for his improvised stops — one time, when the peak of the tent sprang a leak and water came cascading down into the ring, Otto grabbed a bar of soap, dashed under the water and took an elaborate, hilarious shower.

Amateurs Get a Break

ONCE a Clown Club member has developed his face, costumes and acts, he sets about the difficult business of "getting on." Most circuses will allow amateurs to join up with them for short periods, if they are properly introduced, and the CCC is constantly making such arrangements. Norbert Provost was a male nurse who took up juggling as a hobby, joined the club, and today is a magician on television.

Many of the great clowns came from the amateur ranks. Al White, the celebrated buffoon who roamed the tent dressed as a woman yelling for her "Al-l-libert! Al-l-libert!", practiced osteopathy in a small town. The famous Ford that performs all those tricks was invented by Buck Baker who was a patent attorney lured to clowning. When the immortal "Doctor" Reed got bit by the clown bug, he had to close down a profitable shoe business to answer the call.

The CCC roster is full of eager amateurs from all walks: a retired letter carrier, a Salem, Ore., barber, the Rev. Edward S. Sullivan, of Roxbury, Mass., and the Rev. Arthur V. Isenberg, of Elizabethton, Tenn. Bill Ogden, a Naval aviation base fire-fighter, became devoted to the Cause in 1944 when a circus unit came to perform at a GI hospital where he was a patient.

25-Year Veteran

A WICHITA FALLS lawyer joins Ringling for two months every summer. Ricker McConnell, a shop foreman, hooks up for vacation with the circus that happens to be nearest to his home. Raymond L. Bickford, a civil engineer, formerly with the Massachusetts Highway Department, performed as an amateur with the Hunt Brothers Circus every summer for 25 years.

The CCC warns newcomers that clowning is more arduous and expensive than it looks. Good flap shoes cost \$60 and it takes months of practice before you can walk in them without tripping all over yourself. (You have to walk on your heels.) Costume cloth, like good butcher's linen, runs into money.

And, McConnell says, "Clown-

ing is hard physical work. It takes over an hour to get your makeup on, and you often have as many as five changes on a hot afternoon: woman, farmer, tramp, white-face, your own novelty — it's push, push all the way."

Frank "Slivers" Oakley, the immortal baseball clown, used to tell about a performance in Chicago that illustrates just how little dignity a clown has. Slivers was waiting on the ramp to go on, when a little boy threw a tin can at him and hit him in the eye. Blood spurted and his face and costume were quickly covered.

As Slivers strove to staunch the flow, he swore he heard the boy yell, "Hey, Pop, see me hit that clown in the eye?"

"Yes, son."

"It was a peach of a shot, wasn't it, Pa?"

"It was, my son."

"He's Indestructible"

SLIVERS used to say, "The clown is not really thought of as a human being. He's an indestructible form of life somewhere between a grasshopper and an orangutan."

In addition to their other endeavors, CCC members, who sign all of their letters, "Circus Yours," are also trying to restore the almost-vanished circus parade. Traffic delay and street damage are the reasons most cities now give for prohibiting the parades; also, the railroads no longer strive to get the circuses in on time as they once did. But the CCC will not rest easy until trunk-and-tail elephant chains are once again winding down the main drag.

Several female clowns belong to the Club (the Secretary is an ardent amateur named Marge V. Kely) but the feeling is that few women will ever be attracted to clowning because, according to my informants, a clown's makeup is a funny mask, a facial condition that is unappealing to woman's vanity.

It is impossible to describe what qualities a man needs to become a great clown. But old timers say that heart and compassion are the most elusive and prized of all the attributes.

She Needed a Match

TAKE the case of Bob Sherman, the last of Barnum's wonderful clowns. He had a positive passion for performing at children's institutions. One afternoon, while clowning at a Masonic home, he became so enchanted with a little girl that he adopted her. She had only one leg and she kept talking about a boy at the orphanage who had the opposite leg missing.

Bob couldn't stand it. He sat down and wrote the director of the Home: "Please send me the little boy whose leg matches my little girl's." *The End*

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QUIZ 'EM

Questions and answers from current news



KEystone Press

AMBASSADOR ALDRICH. How many on his staff?

BOSS... Winthrop W. Aldrich, America's 18th Ambassador to Great Britain, has the largest staff of any diplomatic representative in London. How many members are there?

851. —Mrs. E.W.L., Chicago

BOOM... For what purpose has Colorado's Highway Department borrowed a 75-millimeter and a 105-millimeter howitzer from the National Guard?

It plans to mount the two can-

nons on 11,992-foot "Loveland Pass," to shoot down avalanches as a safety control.

—F.M.N., Willard, Ohio

LATINS... What Latin American nations are supplying fighting men to the United Nations front in Korea?

Only Colombia.

—R.C., Burlington, Iowa

HEAVY... How much does the Crown of England, which Queen

Elizabeth will wear at her coronation on June 2, weigh?

The Crown of England, used to enthrone every sovereign since 1661, weighs five pounds and can't be worn with comfort.

—D.R.B., Jackson, Miss.

JACKPOT... What Cabinet member in the Truman administration is eligible for the highest pension — \$13,000 a year — the Federal Government ever paid?

Jesse M. Donaldson, retired Postmaster General, went to work as a letter carrier in 1908, and thus has 45 years of government service, including five in the Cabinet, on which to base his claim.

—J.E.G., Arlington, Va.

STARS... Who were the two newcomers to the annual list of the 10 most admired "Men of the Year" in America?

Adlai Stevenson and Bishop Fulton J. Sheen were for the first time voted among the top 10 in a Gallup poll.

—I.H., Little Falls, Minn.

CONDUCTED BY 

NOTE: We will pay \$2 for a question and answer used in this column. Questions are based on current news and clipping of news stories and accounts. Write to: Address: Tom Henry, THIS WEEK, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Unaccepted contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned.

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SCIENCE LOOKS AT SLEEPWALKING

Continued from page fifteen

dreams, begins to talk out loud, moves his arms and body, sits up, finally swings his legs out of bed and starts to walk.

Q: Is it true that sleepwalkers can perform superhuman acts?

A: They certainly can. In the California Journal of Medicine, Dr. G. Richardson reported the case of an Army officer who walked on his palms across the ledge of a tin roof, and splintered huge wooden beams with his bare hands. Remarkable memory feats have also been accomplished by sleepwalkers. A Vermont servant girl named Jane Rider got up at night, and, sound asleep, prepared the family's entire breakfast in the dark.

In his treatise, "Mysteries Of The Vital Element," Dr. Robert Collyer describes a girl who, though illiterate, could flawlessly recite entire passages of Homer in the original Greek while sleepwalking.

Dr. Collyer finally solved this mystery when he discovered that the girl had once worked in the house of a minister who read Homer aloud.

The Greek words had apparently been absorbed by her subconscious. Sleepwalkers often acts as a release of the subconscious memory.

Q: What do sleepwalkers dream about?

A: Dr. Samuel A. Sandler made a comprehensive study of 22 sleepwalking soldiers at Camp Lee, Va. He found that most of these men had nightmares in which they dreamed of being bitten by snake, being chased by men with knives, being attacked by rabid dogs. Sometimes, in these nightmares, they fancied their fathers appeared and saved them. Some of these men fell down while sleepwalking and were hurt; others went on long hikes without mishap.

Q: What brings a sleepwalker out of his trance?

A: Calling his name. But he is usually roused with difficulty and remembers nothing of what has occurred. Some sleepwalkers are refreshed, as from a deep sleep, others fatigued.

Somnambulists should never be awakened until they are back in bed, however, for they suffer shock when they awake suddenly in strange surroundings, and they frequently cry out and bury their faces in their hands. If told to go back to bed, or guided by the arm, the sleepwalker will usually respond.

Q: Is sleepwalking hereditary?

A: No. Sleepwalking is the result of unconscious conflicts, but frequently it is passed

along in highly neurotic families. "Unlike many neurotics," Dr. Sandler says, "sleepwalkers do not come from broken homes. Their mothers were not so well-liked by them, but their fathers always occupied a special place in their lives — feared, respected or idolized."

The soldiers whom Dr. Sandler observed had an average of 5.5 brothers and sisters; usually these somnambulists were the youngest members of their families. Many of these families had had histories of mental illness. In the Maryland Medical Journal, Dr. Charles O'Donovan of Baltimore reported the case of a sleepwalking father who reared four sleepwalking daughters.

Although many authorities disagree, Dr. Sandler maintains that sleepwalkers are most often found among "descendants of alcoholics, epileptics, hysterics and people of sadistic character."

Q: What is the personality of a sleep-walker?

A: Modern psychiatrists diagnose the personality structure of a somnambulist as tending to be that of an overprotected immature adult. Dr. Sandler found that his soldiers uniformly had gentle "day" personalities, but their "night" personalities were argumentative and hostile.

Q: Is there a cure for sleepwalking?

A: Although difficult to treat, a large number of sleepwalkers have been helped by psychiatry. Dr. Pai found that the adolescent sleepwalkers he studied were emotionally unstable, and that they had unsolved school, financial or domestic problems that were the immediate cause of their sleepwalking.

Anxiety of one kind or another, Dr. Pai thinks, accounts for most somnambulism. Hypnotism helped Dr. Pai uncover the sources of these anxieties.

Parents are cautioned that children who sleepwalk should be treated immediately, for the sooner the treatment, the easier the cure. For example, a 12-year-old boy who had begun to walk in his sleep, was found to be under considerable strain—great amount of school work (he hated school), a heavy schedule of religious training, frail health that kept him from playing with other children. A readjustment of this child's life by a psychiatrist who removed the pressure on him caused an immediate cessation of his sleepwalking. Many adolescents stop walking in their sleep when they marry and begin to have regular sexual intercourse.

Although sleepwalking is still one of man's most mysterious ailments, progress is being made. It can be helped.

The End





1 JUNIOR? Why, he's great...



2 HE'S GROWING pretty fast...



3 IN FACT, a real big boy...



4 OF COURSE, a snapshot like this hardly does a baby justice

PROUDEST FATHER

"I just happen to have a picture with me..."

Photographs by Bill Prange

EVERY new father soon develops an expert technique for flashing Junior's portrait at the drop of a hint. The instant he hears those stimulating words, "How's the kid?" his hand shoots into his inside

pocket and emerges with the latest likeness. But the father shown here, Fred Lyon, is a professional photographer and the picture he pulled out of his jacket really impressed his well-wishers.

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JUST CAN'T...GET...THIS...



THE DANGEROUS CHASE

Continued from page nine

away rather thankfully, she saw the bomb-thrower's sharp shoulders and elbows swing round a corner at the street end.

No policeman, no anybody. Just the man kneeling beside the stiff body and an empty street. With her mind still hesitating, her feet set off after the spiky shoulders and elbows. It was up to her, wasn't it, to see where he went?

She accelerated. Of course, there'd be a car just round the corner, or at least a bicycle. The most she'd see would be a retreating taillight. Just the same, an indication of which way the killer had gone, from the only eyewitness, might help.

THE only eyewitness. Already, in maybe fifteen seconds, Nancy had discovered that important difference between East and West. Responsibility. A Westerner felt responsible for things outside his private life. What happened to strangers mattered to him. It mattered to her that a man had been murdered four thousand miles from her home; it mattered that his murderer was making an easy getaway.

She turned the corner, and there was the taillight. But it was stationary. There was a fat Chinese wrestling with a rear wheel of an old blue Austin and the man who had thrown the bomb stood over him, hissing and snarling. After a second he straightened up, fired a last curse at the kneeling man and dived down a side street to his right.

Nancy followed.

She ought to keep him in sight, she admitted reluctantly, until she met a policeman; then she could hand him over. At the end of the street he swung right again, along a wider road that had old Chinese houses, schools and clubrooms with dingy court-yards down both sides.

Now there were plenty of people about, but not a single policeman. Earlier in the evening she had constantly passed Malay policemen; now there wasn't one anywhere. The same with the soldiers. She'd passed dozens of the darkly sun-tanned English soldiers on local leave from the jungle war against the terrorists in her hour ashore. Not one to be seen now.

She was feeling embarrassed as well as uneasy. The murderer was one of the most inconspicuous objects in the town, a youngish, ordinary-looking Chinese in gray T-shirt and cotton pants and sandals; whereas she

was one of the most conspicuous, a young white woman taller than most of the men in Chinatown, walking alone in a play dress and recognizable at a hundred yards by the flash and gleam of her red hair.

The police car carried no siren and it was only twenty yards away, approaching at rapid speed, when she recognized it. She threw up both hands and advanced blinking into the glare of the headlights; but the Malay driver, with a frown of impatience, swerved round her and roared on his way.

To the scene of the bomb outrage, she supposed...

A group of Indians came out of a meeting place and suddenly she couldn't see the pointed shoulders any more. Accelerating, she passed through the screen of chattering Indians. When one of them gave her a sharp glance she realized she was muttering aloud the number of the getaway car. "S.08661."

SHE saw a spiky elbow disappearing into a coffee shop down a narrow, vividly lit side street with open-air stalls, and in the same moment she saw the policeman. He came strolling toward her in his black pillbox hat and black puttees, his handsome Malay face contemptuous of the undignified hustle of the Chinese who crowded the street.

Nancy said breathlessly, "Am I glad to see you! Look, there's a man in that coffee shop..."

She stopped. He had moved back an inch, meeting her urgent eyes with a lost, shy smile. He said something apologetic in Malay, and she realized he didn't understand English.

She'd heard English spoken by young and old of all races that evening, but in this humble street nobody looked capable of translating for her. The policeman was pointing back the way she had come, maybe directing her to a police station. She shook her head as if it didn't matter and he smiled handsomely and went on.

A hawker was selling patent medicines from a stall. Unhappy at the attention she attracted, Nancy stood in the group that listened to his dramatic sales talk, watching the coffee house door over the heads of the crowds.

It grew into a long wait. For more than ten minutes she watched the bony hand that had thrown the bomb turn the pages of a Chinese newspaper and raise and lower a

DARN STUFF...OUT!



4



5

But in a matter of minutes now, she told herself, she'd meet an English-speaking policeman or a couple of English soldiers. Then she could pass on her responsibility and take a taxi back to the waterfront.

HAD the killer guessed he was being tailed? Surely not, by the careless way he threw down his cigarette and turned in through a door under a small neon sign that said "New Moon Hotel" in Chinese and English. Surely not.

So would this be her exit cue? Certainly she couldn't go through that door among the crowd of Chinese who spat as vigorously as they talked above the clatter of mahjong tiles and the clink of bottles. Maybe she'd call it a day now. But first she'd tiptoe down the narrow lane alongside the hotel and peep through the barred, glassless window.

Hope flared up and died in the same second as she heard a voice talking in clipped, easy English close to the window. She saw the back of a greased head, a sharp shoulder and a bony hand holding a telephone. Speaking English was more private, she supposed, in that crowd of uneducated Chinese...

"...send Lee with car to ferry, No, I still in town. Tire was punctured. Have Lee wait for me at ferry. Have to wait little time because I got one more little job. Just loose end to clear up... No, easy. Just somebody too inquisitive. Ten minutes and I fix it... I tell you later..."

Sentence of death. There it was, and she had been imagining he wasn't smart enough to know he was being tailed! Panic for two or three seconds, and then she was after him again as he came out and turned back down the street again.

But, no, she wasn't following him any more. He might be in front, but now he was tailing her. She had only to turn and run to prove that...

As they turned once again down another crowded street a deep growl

of thunder sounded from the gigantic cloud that had blotted out the moon and stars. Night swallows flew to their nests under the arched sidewalks, their twitterings drowned by the clamor of half-a-dozen blaring radios and the cymbals and fire-crackers of a party celebrating something in a corner café. A warm, heavy raindrop splashed on her brow, and then another.

WHEN he made a second left turn down a narrow entry she recognized her exit cue. If she turned now and ran he might not be able to find her when he turned back among the dense crowd. But it would have to be now. In a minute or two the cloud would burst and the flooded streets would be empty.

She gave in with a little sigh. She'd done her best. But the last remnant of that pioneer's stubborn curiosity made her just peek down the narrow entry. She took one step out of the lighted street and saw nobody, only darkness with distorted, ruined walls against an almost black sky. After one quick glance she turned back.

Only she had left it too late.

Just as she turned, a long, blue lightning flash shuddered over the island. It showed her, in horrifying close-up, the face of the assassin. He stood in a narrow, dark opening just like the one in which he had trapped her while he stood in wait for his victim. Now it was Nancy he was waiting for.

Before the lightning faded and his hands seized her, she glimpsed a face that was sharp like his shoulders, with hard, small eyes and thin, parted lips through which something gleamed. A gold tooth. Then it was dark again and rigid fingers that smelt of stale tobacco closed over her mouth and nostrils, strangling the cry that had no chance anyway in all the clamor of the street behind them.

While panic closed over her once again for a few seconds he dragged her back into the opening and crushed her against the wall while he raised his greasy head and listened to a newscast in English from one of the radios blaring over their heads.

"News has just come in" she heard the announcer's voice began out over the approaching storm, "that Dr. Lo Khye Chee, the distinguished Penang surgeon and civic leader, was killed this evening in a bomb outrage in Penang. He died a few minutes after an unknown assailant threw a bomb as he left a meeting he had addressed in Pantok Street. Dr. Lo had frequently emphasized the responsibility of the Chinese community in Malaya to play a worthy part in the war on Chinese terrorism..."

Nancy surfaced from her plunge into panic and began the fight for her life. She worked it out that Dr. Lo's murderer wouldn't be argued.

Continued on next page

long glass of orange squash. She envied him the orange squash. And the chair.

When he came out, smoking unconcernedly, and turned along the street she swung after him in pursuit. The night was hot. The street was like an overheated room. Brushing hair back from her damp brow, she felt strangely alone in the crowd that an hour ago had seemed so friendly. It was obvious by now that white women didn't walk the streets of Chinatown at night unescorted.



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FASHION FIND



PHOTOGRAPHED BY PELLEGRINI
AT LE CHATEAU, SAVOY-PLAZA

COLOR FOR MEN

THE conservative male is coming out of his traditional white, black and midnight-blue shell. He began wearing colorful sports clothes quite a while back, but now formal wear has got into the act. After-Six Formals by Rudoflier is coming out with silk cummerbunds and matching ties in all kinds of

patterns from stripes and polka dots to multicolored figures.

Above are two of the patterns to make men look festive on festive occasions. One is silk foulard, the other paisley. They're worn with a lightweight worsted tuxedo and a white Orlon summer formal, also by After-Six. —JOAN SHORT

THE DANGEROUS CHASE

Continued from preceding page

To carry any weapon would have been insane when an unlucky encounter with a policeman in the first minutes of the getaway might have entailed a search. No, a body search now would reveal no scrap of evidence against him. Only her evidence stood between him and freedom. Her life, that meant.

She fought. She was short on weight, but her slimness concealed a streamlined layer of light muscle in good condition, and she was the heiress of pioneers. Her first convulsive struggle broke his hold, but as she stumbled back she was immediately a prisoner again.

PAIN tearing at her arms and legs drove her close to panic again till a lightning flash showed her that it was a fence of barbed wire that had caught her. But it had saved her from a drop of twenty feet into what must have been the cellar of a bombed-out building. The whole area of darkness, she saw now, was a blitzed block between two rebuilt streets.

The flash revealed her to the terrorist, too, and it was his arms that freed her brutally from the barbed wire. In a hot, dark corner

like a cave his cruel fingers fastened so suddenly and violently on her throat that they felt like the fangs of a monstrous snake. Thunderclaps seemed to be rocking the island in the ocean, and she thought suddenly of Aunt Grace, who was always terrified of thunder.

Poor Aunt Grace! How firmly she'd put her in her place when she had fussed over hot-war risks in Penang! And how firmly she'd put the war in its place — in the jungle on the mainland. But here it was, the East-West war, here in the bombed-out ruins of the last war, and it was red hot.

For a nightmare minute she fought the suffocating fingers, another minute, but this time there was no loosening the lock on her throat. By the time the heavy footsteps and the close-up English shout broke through the tortured pounding in her eyes they had a curious unreality, like a dream.

"This way, Curly. It's a short cut."

The soldiers were there, but too late. They ran by, within a few inches of Nancy and her enemy, in the utter darkness between two lightning flashes. A sudden cool wind followed.

Continued on next page

THE DANGEROUS CHASE

Continued from preceding page

lured them and one of them shouted "Ere it comes!" as the cloud collapsed like a Niagara, throwing what felt like an ocean wave across Nancy and the murderer.

The shock of it swung her momentarily back to full and agonizing consciousness. Her right foot, in its medium-weight English brogue, stamped down with all her weight on his left instep. She'd discovered a Commando close-in fighting trick for herself, and it worked. The terrorist lurched as he raised his injured foot and when he was off balance she threw herself back and the strangle hold broke.

A lightning flash that turned the wall of suffocating rain blue showed her the path and the two tall soldiers, their shoulders hunched against the rain, running for shelter . . . away from her.

SHE recognized the moment. It was now, or it was never, she told herself.

There was no time for trial and error. Anything she tried now just had to work. Immediately. No time for words, for explanations. She had to make the two soldiers her allies and they must understand and react — instantaneously. She acted.

With the limping terrorist almost at her heels, she grabbed her dress at the shoulders with her two hands and ripped it violently downwards and then she screamed like a soul falling into hell and threw up her arms into the blaze of another violent flash.

AND, yes, one of the soldiers heard. She saw him turn, just as splashing, limping footsteps reached the step on which she stood, and she began running desperately down the long path toward them. Then it was pitch



"You are absent-minded"

dark again and her sodden, naked shoulders shrank from the bony fingers groping for them.

When the drenched soldier crashed into her just as a rain-dimmed flash revealed them to each other she saw the killer turn back, saw his sharp shoulders silhouetted against the black, blitzed walls. She pointed after him, and both youngsters, after shocked glances at her ravaged dress and distorted face, plunged down the lane in pursuit.

By the time they dragged him to where she waited, restoring the tattered, drenched ribbons of her dress to some semblance of decency, had paid the first installment of his punishment. One eye was closed and puffy, and there was blood on his mouth.

"This 'im, Miss?"

She said, "That's him."

"EAR that?" The curly-headed Englishman turned grimly on the terrorist, whose arm he held in an effective lock. "She says it was you and she ought to know. It's a fummin' shame to hand a rat like you over to the police." He turned to Nancy. "What d'you say to me and my mate sortin' 'im out 'ere and now?"

She said quickly, "No. Please

Continued on page 33



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BOB: "Well, if I can't take it with me, I know one thing: I'll come back and get it!"



BING: "Do you think it will be worth the climb?"
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THE DANGEROUS CHASE

Continued from page thirty-one

come with me to the police station."

The killer cut in with a sudden snarl. "She's making fools of you. She's hysterical — can't you see? She just follow me around. I never touch her."

Curly glared. "You can give the police that and see how they like it."

AT THE police station the Chinese inspector's eyes widened a millimeter when Nancy cut in on Curly's story.

"Forget that. This man threw the bomb that killed Dr. Lo an hour ago. I saw him." She touched the rag over her breast. "This was just an act I had to put on to get these boys on his trail in a hurry."

The spiky shoulders rose in an eloquent shrug. In sober man-to-man tones the terrorist began talking to the inspector in Chinese. After a while the inspector asked Nancy who she was. And how, he asked next, did she come to be wandering alone in Panton Street at night.

"I wanted a look-see," she answered. "Penang after dark. You know how it is."

The inspector blinked. The two soldiers frowned.

Nancy said deliberately, "I saw him throw the bomb. I was right behind him. He'd fixed to make a getaway in a blue Austin, number

S.08661, but it had a puncture so he abandoned it. I shadowed him till I could get help. That's all."

Glancing down at a paper on his desk, the inspector said that car S.08661, reported stolen at seven o'clock, had been found abandoned with a flat tire at the end of Panton Street.

THE terrorist looked less happy and the soldiers looked happier.

"He had the bomb in that pocket." She pointed suddenly to the terror-

ist's hip. "It was in there with some papers. Maybe they're still there."

The inspector said something in Chinese, and the gold tooth flashed in a scornful smirk. Bony fingers pushed into the hip pocket of the sodden pants and pulled it inside out with a contemptuous gesture. Something small flashed and fell at the inspector's feet.

Curly stared and pounced. "Well, I'll go to hell!" he swore. "The safety pin off the ruddy bomb!" . . .

The senior police officer who

visited Nancy on board her ship next morning said, "We all think it was a damned good show, and I'm very proud to bring you our congratulations. We've been after that brute for two years, and he's thrown at least six bombs in that time. Experienced enough, you'd have thought, to know better than keep a safety pin on him as a souvenir." And he paused, eyebrows raised discreetly.

Nancy confessed.

"I suppose you'd say I framed him," she said. "I mean, I picked up that safety pin thing right after he'd thrown the bomb. And then, when he finally caught me, I got to thinking there was only my word against his and of course he wouldn't be armed and even if he was searched there'd be nothing to give him away. Then when he started in to choke me and we were fighting it out his pockets were wide open so I . . . gave him back his safety pin."

The senior's gray eyes twinkled.

"I don't think there's any need to add that to your statement," he said. With a glance at her pile of letters and newly addressed envelopes he murmured, "But I mustn't keep you. You'll want to catch the mail before you sail. Well, you've certainly got something to write home about!"

"Yes," Nancy said, and her conscience-stricken glance at Aunt Grace couldn't mask the satisfaction in her voice.

The End



"Oh, that — ha-ha — that's where the previous owners kept a record of their child's growth"

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BARBECUE SAUCE TABASCO*

2 tbsps. butter or margarine
1 medium onion, chopped
1 dove chili, minced (optional)
1/2 cup catsup
2 tbsps. vinegar

1/2 tsp. TABASCO
1 tbsps. brown sugar
1 tsp. salt
1/4 cup water

Combine all ingredients in saucepan; bring to a boil. Use to baste steaks, roasts, spareribs, chicken, frankfurters during cooking. Yield: approximately 1 1/4 cups.

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THEY'LL NEVER LOVE THE U.S.A.!

Continued from page seven

remains that in Europe, decorum is not taken lightly. By his display our senator only gave fuel to the European critics who decry our representatives as "crazy, impulsive" Americans incapable of mature leadership.

As I traveled from Korea to Europe I found many such examples of damage done to America's reputation by thoughtless individuals overseas.

In New Delhi, India, for instance, the current scandal at the time of my visit had been inspired by the wife of a newly arrived American official (also newly married). It seems that at the brandy hour of their first party when all the ladies were gathered together, the new American wife commiserated loudly with the Indian ladies on what a terrible thing it was to have to bring up to their children amidst the disease and filth and backwardness of India.

They'll Resent It

Nor just individually, but as a nation, the United States has frequently flubbed the problem of how the richest country in the world should approach the less prosperous.

All over the Middle East, as well as in India and Pakistan, I heard complaints such as this comment by a woman director of Radio India: "It's really quite foolish for your Voice of America to keep telling us that practically every American worker has a car. The masses of Indian people — the ones you are trying to reach — merely feel resentment at such emphasis on how much better off Americans are than we Indians."

If a person is trying to persuade a friend to become a business partner, he will naturally try to demonstrate how this relationship can advance the prospective partner's self-interest. The United States does not have to show that Americans are well off, but that co-operation with America is best for the country in question. As an Egyptian put it, "What we want to know is whether what America stands for is good for Egypt."

Too Much Luxury

THESE are other ways that we have been self-defeating in our attempts to win friends and influence people. An outstanding example is the overstaffing of so many of our agencies abroad and above all the comparative luxury in which our foreign service lives.

The new administration should certainly reconsider whether we should continue to furnish our Point Four experts, our cultural attachés, our information officers, our political-affairs experts in faraway places such as Tehran with the transportation of their household goods, including

pianos, heavy breakfronts, even rugs. Many of these officials serve only a limited term. Are they entitled to the shipment of household goods under regulations that were made when America had a relatively tiny, stable foreign service?

Food for a Year

BUT more important, what's the point of sending over a highly paid cultural attaché to make friends for America if the irritations caused by his high standard of living and conspicuous spending bring quite the opposite reaction? In Beirut, an Arab politician told me: "I could feed an entire village for a year on what it takes to send over one of your lesser officials. Do you blame us if we would rather have the food for our villages than the presence of your officials?"

In the department of international faux pas, those I wince at most were made by congressmen who openly flaunted military regulations and blacked marketed in Berlin, exchanging vast quantities of imported cigarettes for Meissen figurines, antiques, etc.

Then there was the American diplomat in Turkey who, prior to an official reception by the President of Turkey, gave a cocktail party and announced to the assembled guests that he intended to be precisely an hour late to the reception "so that the Turks will know who's boss around here." (The Turks are an extremely proud people who set great store by promptness.)

"Hey, Fräulein!"

THESE are the GI's (a minority) who hurt the reputation of the majority by misbehaving on Germany's main streets, roistering and assuming that any woman under 30 is fair game for a pickup. The approach can be as unsuitable as a shout of "Hey, Fräulein!"

And I'll certainly never forget the American tourist who roared into an Air France ticket office in Paris demanding a priority seat to Nice "because you damn frogs live off of Uncle Sam anyhow!"

These are the human individual examples of why all those billions don't bring us full returns, but there is plenty wrong with the over-all system too. As one travels round the world it becomes obvious that our psychological warfare would be much improved if we made better use of the services of the local population.

Many of our friends overseas point out that in the realm of propaganda an Iranian, an Indian or an Egyptian would be far more likely to believe good things about America if, instead of hearing them from a United States official, he heard them from another Iranian, Indian or

Continued on page 36

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SUPPER AFTER THE CONCERT

by Clementine Paddleford

This Week Food Editor

Texas hamburgers are guest of honor at Mrs. Tobin's special midnight meals . . .

SAN ANTONIO

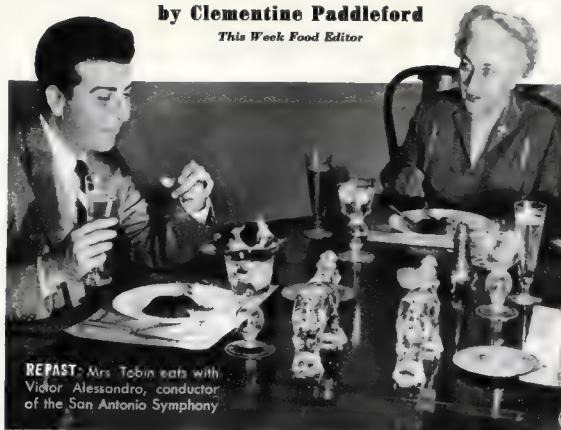
MRS. EDGAR TOBIN of Terrell Hills, President of the San Antonio Symphony, entertained with a midnight supper after the opera festival Wednesday evening. Texas hamburgers were served.

Yes, Mrs. Tobin gave the party and Texas hamburgers were made guest of honor on the menu. But these are no ordinary meat cakes stuffed into buns. Here are hamburgers of a royal clan with cheese sealed between two meat pats before the browning. Sizzling hot, the burgers are laid lightly on toast, then a thick blob of barbecue sauce is poised neatly on top. Behold a pyramid more remarkable to the hungry than any raised on Egyptian sands. When the fork cuts into the creamy softness, melted cheese runs in a golden flood.

A Crowd Affair

THE meat is mighty special, too, fresh from the Tobins' freezer, their own beef of the popular Santa Gertrudis breed. The 450-acre Tobin farm, but a few miles along the highway from their Terrell Hills home, keeps their table supplied with all manner of good things.

During the autumn in the football season, the Tobins spend week ends at their place in Austin, the girlhood home of Mrs.



REPAST: Mrs. Tobin eats with Victor Alessandro, conductor of the San Antonio Symphony.

HARRY PENNINGTON

Tobin when she was Miss Margaret Batts. "A long trip for a week end," I said.

But Mrs. Tobin said, "It's no distance away when you fly your own plane, and flying is a part of Mr. Tobin's work." He is a maker of aerial-survey maps.

Supper after the game is a crowd affair. Everybody comes. Son Robert, a freshman at

the University, calls in the gang; Dad and Mother have their friends. Bring on the hamburgers! Baked ham on the table, roast turkey, too, vegetable casseroles, something good and sturdy for dessert, cauldrons of coffee scalding hot. But the hamburgers get the greatest share of the compliments.

Big quotation marks can be wrapped around

this hamburger recipe. Mrs. Tobin borrowed it years ago from the head of the dining-car service of the Missouri-Kansas-Texas Line, known throughout Texas as "The Katy." The ingredients I have given here are worked out for one pound of meat, this to make four hamburgers, four portions, one to a person.

When it's hamburgers for the football crowd, Mrs. Tobin uses 65 pounds of ground meat. At her symphony party, 15 pounds did the job. If drinks are served before the meal, a bowl of avocado dip is prepared as a dunk for fried tortillas. Combine whipped avocado flesh half and half with a garlic-scented French dressing — not too much dressing, the dip should be thick, never soupy. This mixture can be used also as a salad — spoon it on thick slices of well-salted tomato, nestled on lettuce.

When it comes to vegetables, Mrs. Tobin told me, "A Texan's taste differs from the rest of the country's more than in any other gastronomical way. Daily we gobble up greens of every type, yams, black-eyed peas, green beans and eggplant, but are inclined to forget green peas, carrots, cauliflower and potatoes."

The eggplant dish is one the Tobins enjoy, a vegetable-meat dish, and nice for luncheon parties. "Is it Southern?" I inquired.

Mrs. Tobin said "No," and definitely no. "Texas cooking is neither Southern nor Western. We take dishes from everywhere and brand them as our own."

Stuffed Texas Hamburger

1 pound chopped beef
4 slices American Cheddar cheese (about $\frac{3}{4}$ pound)
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon garlic salt
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt

Form chopped beef (no seasonings) into 8 thin patties about 4 inches wide, $\frac{1}{8}$ inch

Continued on page 38

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THEY'LL NEVER LOVE THE U. S. A.!

Continued from page thirty-four

Egyptian. Since foreigners demand less in pay and privileges than our citizens, it is a much cheaper way to put a point across, and in many cases, the only way.

Skillful use of native populations is one reason why Soviet Russia has been winning the propaganda war in many parts of the world. They transmit their points mainly through the Communist party, but also through Pion Slavists and idealists who do not understand the true nature of Soviet communism.

But when all this is said, the fact remains that America's big trouble in Europe is due to a basic attitude on the part of the key countries there, such as Britain and France. They simply don't share the United States's sense of urgency about the Soviet menace. In Britain and France this lack of alarm about a potential enemy till it's almost too late has become a national characteristic.

Today a great many Europeans would like to think that we are exaggerating the Communist danger for this would justify their longing to concentrate on vintage wines and strawberries and cream rather than on guns and discipline. They are looking for a good excuse to relax.

Still Unpopular

THE Democratic administration found out that concessions to French and British criticisms did nothing to increase our so-called popularity abroad.

Pressure from France and Britain, for example, caused the United States October, 1951, to call off — quite against our better judgment — a successful offensive in Korea and order a virtual cease-fire in deference to European opinion that this would appear the Communists into a truce. The result was that we got neither the truce nor an improvement in British and French public opinion, which found other reasons to dislike us.

One way for America to become popular with many Europeans would be for President Eisenhower to tell that continent

to forget about the spinach and the need for strength and concentrate on those cheese soufflés that they contrive so artfully.

But he has already announced that he will ask more, rather than fewer, sacrifices from the American people and more rather than fewer efforts from our Allies. As he starts to put his policies into operation, President Eisenhower inevitably will draw new torrents of criticism. There will be renewed "hate campaigns" from the Communists and "do it without us" campaigns from the liberals and neutrals.

Mutual Self-interest

LEADERSHIP is a many-sided process. It involves the capacity to inspire others. It requires the ability to convey sincerity of purpose and to find a common denominator. Eisenhower's great task is to demonstrate to our Allies that it is mutual self-interest that brings us all into the great effort to repel Soviet imperialism, and that they have as much at stake as we.

Fortunately for the United States, President Eisenhower does have great gifts of persuasion and compromise. But as Adenauer wisely said, a lot of prodding is going to be necessary to rouse our Allies to the urgency and action necessary to counter the Red threat. And people don't like to be prodded.

President Eisenhower has the advantage of a brand-new mandate from us impressive even to the Europeans. A sure-footed, strong America under his leadership can't expect to be popular but at least it can hope to be respected:

If the American people understand why our rich nation will inevitably be the target of criticism, if they refuse to be guided by bitterness at the so-called "ingratitude" of our Allies, they will aid Eisenhower in his task of strengthening and uniting the free world against Stalin.

And nobody would deny that it's more important to win the struggle for the world than to win an international popularity contest.

The End

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Jean Peters Gives...

RULES FOR ROOMMATES

If you don't want to end up pulling hair, try these helpful hints

LIVING with a roommate can lead to fun or feuds. Lots depends on the girl you choose. Pick one fairly close to you in age, tastes and especially financial status.

When two people live together it's easy to get on each other's nerves.

If you really can't accept some of your roommate's habits, let her know it. Many a girl who nobly represses her gripes ends up by looking daggers at her roommate for being a coffee-reboiler or a two a.m. light-burner. You'd be surprised how quickly differences can be smoothed out once you air them.

I'll never forget how miserable I was when I lived with a girl who...

made baked snails whenever it was her night to cook.

When I could stand it no longer I exploded. "This can't work out," I said. "Perhaps I'd better move."

"Why?" she asked. "What's wrong?" When I told her she said, "For heaven's sakes, why didn't you say something about it sooner?"

THE solution: On the nights I had dinner dates, she had the snails to herself. As simple as that.

The dating question has also had many roommates winding up in a definite chill. You don't have to go around together like the Bobbsey Twins. Double-dating is part of the fun of two girls living together, but don't overdo it. And find a double feature to get lost at once in a while when your roommate's entertaining. She might do the same for you.

When you move in with a new

roommate, first of all divide the closet and drawer space. Then settle the money setup. An equal divvying of such fixed expenses as rent, food and such is simple enough for two bright girls to figure out. It's when those unexpected crises crop up such as your roommate having to pay for your C.O.D.'s while you're out playing tennis that can produce the first frost on your friendship. Be meticulous about money matters.

IT WILL make your relationship as shaky as a wet pup if one girl carries most of the housekeeping load. If your roommate cooks like Chef Milani and likes it, you don't have to share the cooking duties, but offer to alter her hemlines if that's where your genius lies. But do something to balance.

Be neat. This is as good a time as any to learn to avoid toothpaste smears on the washbowl and the lingerie draped over the chair. You'd be surprised how handy this kind of training comes in when you're ready to share an apartment with a husband. So they tell me, anyway!

THE MAYOR OF NEW ORLEANS tells next week what a Southerner's "Hurry back" really means.

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SUPPER AFTER THE CONCERT

Continued from page thirty-five

thick. Cut slices of Cheddar to fit patties, allowing meat to show around the edges. Lay cheese on 4 meat patties, top with remaining patties and pinch together the edges of the meat so the cheese is sealed in. Take a heavy 9-inch pan and sprinkle garlic salt and plain salt evenly over the bottom. Place pan over heat and when sizzling lay in stuffed hamburgers. Brown on one side; turn and brown second side. Lower heat and dip barbecue sauce on top; cook slowly until cooked through. Serve on crisp dry toast cut thin, with a green salad. Yield: 4 portions.

Barbecue Sauce

1 clove garlic, minced
4 teaspoons vinegar
5 tablespoons Worcestershire sauce
2 tablespoons paprika
5 tablespoons butter or margarine
1 8-ounce can tomato paste
1 teaspoon onion salt
2 tablespoons dry mustard
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon chili powder
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon red pepper
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
 $\frac{1}{2}$ can consomme (more or less)

Combine all ingredients except consomme in a saucepan, mixing well. Then add soup, if needed, a little at a time. The consistency should be like that of a thick cream sauce. The sauce must stay put on top of stuffed hamburger, no dripping into the skillet. Yield: sauce for 4 hamburgers and it's a sauce with real heat.

Shrimp Cocktail Sauce

1 tablespoon minced chives
1 tablespoon minced scallions
3 tablespoons minced celery
1 tablespoon minced parsley
5 to 6 tablespoons prepared Creole mustard
1 tablespoon vinegar

Combine ingredients, mixing well. Let stand in covered jar in

refrigerator until the sauce mellows and blends. Yield: $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sauce.

Stuffed Eggplant

1 large eggplant
1 cup onions, shredded vertically
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped green pepper
1 clove garlic, minced
6 tablespoons butter or margarine, melted
1 tablespoon flour
1 tablespoon chopped parsley
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon cayenne pepper
1 teaspoon salt
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon thyme
4 or 5 pepper pods
1 cup tomatoes, canned
1 cup cooked lamb, pork, shrimp or crabmeat, cubed
1 egg, beaten
2 cups soft bread crumbs

Remove stem from eggplant, wash and parboil in boiling salted water for 20 to 25 minutes. Cut in half lengthwise and scoop out pulp with spoon, taking care not to tear skin; save shells. Sauté onion, pepper and garlic in 1 tablespoon of the butter or margarine in a large frying pan until onions are golden. Save remaining butter or margarine for bread crumbs. Add flour and seasonings and mix thoroughly. Add tomatoes, cubed eggplant pulp; stir well. Blend in meat, egg and half of the bread crumbs (omit egg if shrimp or crabmeat is used). Place eggplant in oblong baking dish and stuff shells with mixture; sprinkle with second half of crumbs which have been mixed with the remaining melted butter. Bake in a slow oven (300°F.) for 40 minutes. Yield: 4 servings. Eggplant à la halfshell is a dressy little number, one to remember for the buffet supper.

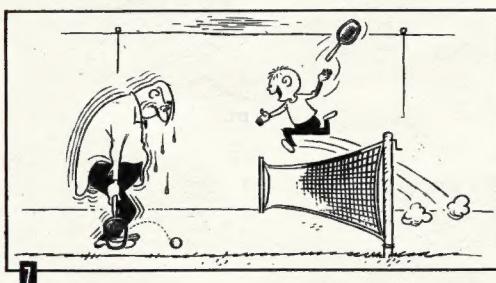
* * *

'ROUND-THE-WORLD eating next week — the recipes are borrowed from the wife of a retired Navy admiral at home now in Scottsdale, Ariz.



WHAT A RACQUET!

COMPARED to most cartoonists George Wolfe looks almost like an athlete. In the revealing self-portraits below, he throws himself on the mercy of the court.



New medical findings revealed!

You can be “STARVED” for the right kind of sleep...

if you aren't getting the “sleep food” you need!

RECENT MEDICAL STUDIES indicate that a vital substance in your bloodstream may have a lot to do with how well you sleep. This vital substance is known medically as *blood sugar*. It is an important source of nourishment for the brain.

At bedtime and especially during the long nighttime hours, your supply of *blood sugar* may become seriously lowered. Thus, your brain and nervous system are affected. You may feel too nervous to go to sleep . . . too restless to sleep well. You are “starved” for *blood sugar*—your body's vital “sleep food.”

*How you can help your body
get the “sleep food” it needs!*

Drugs or sleeping pills can't supply “sleep food.” And sweet, sugary foods and drinks provide only a quick jolt of sugar that is too quickly burned up. But here is a delicious, drugless way to help you get needed “sleep food.” This sleep-aid is a POSTUM “NIGHTCAP”—a delicious drink made with Instant Postum and hot milk, taken shortly before bedtime.

Your Postum “Nightcap” is good-tasting and safe—contains no drugs to harm you. Moreover, your Postum milk drink gives you easily digested nourishment that is slowly converted into blood sugar. Thus, it helps assure the *slow, steady flow* of vital “sleep food” to your brain. That's why a Postum “Nightcap” helps you get *refreshing sleep*—the kind that leaves you rested, looking and feeling like new!

So safe, so easy—why not try it?

Every night before you retire, fix yourself a Postum “Nightcap.” Just stir a



rounded teaspoon of Instant Postum in a cup of hot milk. Try this for just 10 days. Then see if you aren't sleeping better—feeling fresher—looking like a new person! Get Instant Postum now—and start the 10-day test tonight!

*Are Postum “Nightcaps”
really effective?*

Doctors have always known that a warm milk drink is an effective aid to sleep. The recent blood sugar studies offer additional reason why. As your own doctor can tell you, the Postum “Nightcap” is ideal: a warm relaxing drink that *tastes good* . . . and Postum contains no caffeine, no drugs of any kind.

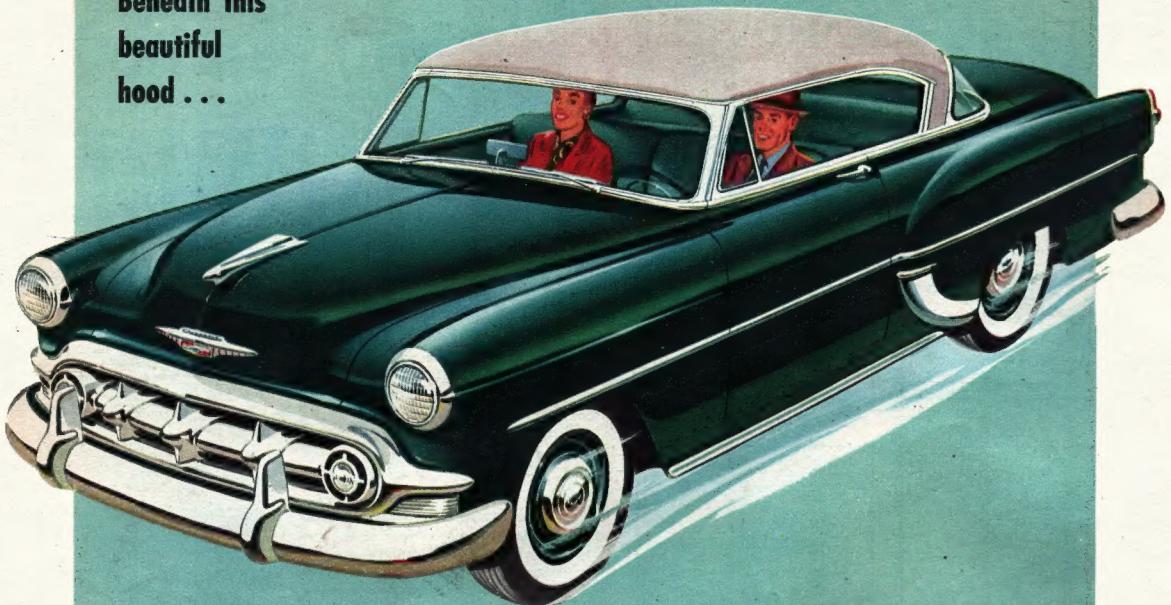
*Postum is an ideal mealtime
beverage, too. No caffeine—no drugs—
no chance for “coffee nerves.”*

A Product of
General Foods

The “SLEEP-FOOD” Nightcap
for sleepless Millions!



Beneath this
beautiful
hood . . .



the most powerful engine in the low-price field!

THE STRIKING NEW "TWO-TEN" SPORT COUPE

CHEVROLET'S ENTIRELY NEW "BLUE-FLAME" ENGINE . . . WITH EVEN GREATER ECONOMY, TOO!

A new reserve of pent-up power lies behind the amazing performance of this great new '53 Chevrolet. And with it comes the most important gain in economy in Chevrolet's 40-year history.

How can this be? The entirely new 115-h.p. high-compression "Blue-Flame" engine is the answer. Teamed with the new Powerglide automatic transmission,* this great new engine delivers eager, agile power to lift you lightly over the hills and send you smoothly on your way.

Here is more power—more dynamic, high-compression power—than is offered by any other low-priced car. And Chevrolet's extra-efficient valve-in-head design, plus the new 7.5 to 1 com-

pression ratio, squeezes extra energy from every drop of gasoline—regular gasoline at that!

Of course, power, performance and economy are only a small part of the story behind this great new '53 Chevrolet.

A greatly advanced high-compression "Thrift-King" Valve-in-Head engine!

In gearshift models, Chevrolet's greatly advanced "Thrift-King" engine delivers a full 105 h.p., brings you new high-compression performance (7.1 to 1 ratio)—new getaway, new power to pass—and even more miles to every gallon of gas. But, drive it and see for yourself.

Entirely NEW through and through!

New Fashion-First Bodies by Fisher . . . new, richer and roomier interiors . . . widest choice of body-types and color harmonies . . . entirely new Powerglide* with faster getaway, more miles per gallon . . . entirely new Power Steering (optional at extra cost) . . . the softer, smoother Knee-Action Ride . . . more weight—more stability—more road-steadiness . . . largest brakes in the low-price field . . . Safety Plate Glass in windshield and all windows of sedans . . . E-Z-Eye Plate Glass (optional at extra cost).

*Combination of Powerglide and "Blue-Flame" engine optional at extra cost on Bel Air and "Two-Ten" models. (Continuation of standard equipment and trim illustrated is dependent on availability of material.)

MORE PEOPLE BUY CHEVROLETS THAN ANY OTHER CAR



See Your Chevrolet Dealer for All Your Automotive Needs!